THE EVERSLEIGHAN

1928 — 1935

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THE EVERSLEIGHAN

5-MAR 1937
MADRAS

REMINISCENCES

OF

THE EVERSLEIGH BOYS' CLUB

1928 — 1935

EDITED BY

GERALD D. FEWKES

AND

MALCOLM D. EDMONDS

MY7
N35

1935

LIGHT BLUES

1. [illegible] D. Tewkes (*Captain*)
2. D. F. Pharoah (*Vice-Captain*)
3. [illegible] S. Arathoon
4. R. Augustus
5. W. Carr
6. E. R. Christian
7. H. A. H. Cresswell
8. W. Cresswell
9. M. DeHoedt
10. St. J. Eling
11. J. Dorabji
12. E. Duckworth
13. S. French
14. F. Greene
15. V. Heynes
16. N. Hunt
17. A. Iliffe
18. J. Jenkins
19. M. Khasurina
20. E. Latimer
21. R. O. McKenzie
22. H. J. A. Periera
23. K. Ramachandra.
24. F. J. Satoor
25. R. Shaw
26. S. Singh
27. A. Stewart
28. A. C. Thurley
29. P. A. R. Van Ross
30. N. V. P. Weston

DARK BLUES

E. G. Satoor (*Captain*)
H. MacDonald (*Vice-Captain*)
M. Chase
S. F. D'Costa
H. Dorabji
W. DeSena
T. Duckworth
M. D. Edmonds
R. A. Garson
T. Halge
S. E. Heynes
E. Hingert
W. Jansen
K. Kuriyan
D. O. McKenzie
A. Martin
E. P. Mathews
M. Moore
M. Phillips
D. B. Peters
C. Rama Rao
J. Reid
L. Ricketts
P. Shanley
G. M. Taylor
M. Van Ross
W. Ward
V. Webb
E. Wilkinson
E. Zscherpel

46066

CUB PACK

YELLOWS.

D. Halge.	P. Rice.
D. Shaw.	E. Lock.
J. Duckworth.	H. Thomas.
T. Kunning.	D. Blazey.
C. Kunning.	T. Winter.
M. Moriarty.	M. Ingram.

BROWNS.

G. King.	H. Roberts.
W. Nailer.	P. Twohig.
J. Bryant.	R. Winter.
R. Kunning.	R. Martin.
Ben Halge.	B. Timmins.

CLUB GROUP 1935.

R. Shaw, E. Heynes, T. Duckworth, N. Weston, M. Edmonds, G. Fewkes, E. Christian, D. Peters, W. Carr, E. Duckworth,
R. Augustus, J. Reid, M. Taylor, S. Eling, C, Rama Rao, E. Wilkinson, J. Jenkins, S. Singh, M. Burke, K. Ramachandra,
S. Arathoon, A. Stewart, H. MacDonald, H. Cresswell, "Uncle", E. Sattor, E. Sattor, M. Moore, P. Van Ross,
A. Thurley, M. Chase, T. Halge, J. Duckworth, H. Thomas, E. Hingert, F. Green, V. Heynes.

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EDITORIAL

It is somewhat difficult to write the editorial for this issue of the *Eversleighan* in view of the fact that quite a number of " would-be editors " have never got beyond the state of " would-be," and matter which has been sent in has, unfortunately, been held in abeyance in odd bottom drawers. In fact, there are at least two or three who have had a hand in the original preparation for this issue. However, some of the matter that was designed for the issues that did not appear has found its way into this and it is our duty as editors by way of explanation and, almost we might say, in self-defence to explain why it is that the issue seems to be such a strange chronological mixture. It covers quite a number of years, as you will see, and we have had the difficult task of deciding not only *what* should be put in but also *when* and *where.*

We would mention that we have heard a rumour that the next issue is to be a very special souvenir number to celebrate the 21st anniversary of the Club, and we shall take the opportunity of sending this round to all the members, past and present, whose addresses we have, in the hopes that they will read this editorial and in response thereto fall in with the suggestions which come from America, from one of our original founders, A. J. Blake, who writes and makes the suggestion that it would be nice if old members of Eversleigh would keep in touch with the Old Club by means of sending to it such magazines as they were interested in when they were boys themselves, so that the Reading Table might continue to be one of the Club's most attractive and useful features.

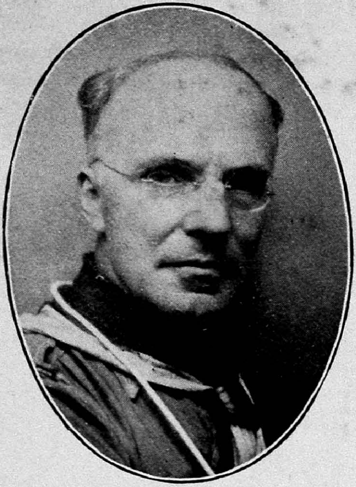
A second suggestion is that the birthday should be celebrated by an Eversleigh Dinner of past and present members and that *all* past members should be invited and if they are not able to be present in person they should send their photographs which would take their place at the table. This seems quite a novel idea and most attractive, and we are entitled to say that our President sincerely hopes that members will fall in with the suggestion. We have his authority also to say that should any of the old and married members feel his wife should be allowed to be present on such an historic occasion, her photograph will be most welcome, together with that of any prospective members of the Boys' Club. Of course, if by any chance the family consists of girls no such photographs should be sent. Our President reminds us that at present we have not very many medical students as members of the Club and in view of his recollection of some of the young people of the second generation whom he met in America he fears their inclusion might give serious " heart " attacks to some of the present generation of Eversleighans, and it would perhaps be kinder to save young Eversleighans from such dangers !

Nevertheless, we hope they will all be there, Boys and Girls, for Eversleigh was once open to both.

We do hope that our readers will take this editorial as specially written for their benefit and that these suggestions from America will commend themselves.

With regard to the one about the Reading Table, our Librarian will be glad to get into touch with any old boy who desires to follow out this suggestion with a view to advising him of the periodicals at present on the table.

GERALD FEWKES,
MALCOLM EDMONDS.



F. HOWARD OAKLEY,
PRESIDENT AND FOUNDER.

OUR PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

My dear Eversleighans, Past and Present,

What a real pleasure it is to once again have a talk with you through the pages of the "Eversleighan." It is strange that we have permitted such a long pause between our issues and we "presents" owe you "pasts" an apology if not an explanation. I know from many letters received that copies of "old Eversleighans" are being treasured and read and re-read for the happy memories they revive. Well, I for one, am delighted to know that this is to be a foreword to a new, and I understand a "Bumper" Eversleighan.

Since our last issue there has been much to record and in fact I have in mind that it was the abundance of matter from one source alone that deterred one who essayed to bring out an issue some time back.

In 1929 my dreams of a party of Eversleighans accompanying me on a visit to England materialised, of course there were many things in the dreams which were not found in the reality, but their places were taken by other undreamt of things, such as visits to Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Italy and Spain. Only 5 of us represented Eversleigh, but how near we were to being joined by dear old Bruce Lewin, and so completing our vocal quartette party! Geoffrey White, now a Cubmaster in south of London spent two consecutive nights in the train travelling from London to Liverpool and back just to join us for a few hours at Arrowe Park.

The years 1930-32 saw many changes. I went on my world tour early in 1931 with Kenneth Staggs, one of the earliest members of Eversleigh as my personal assistant, to look after my needs as far as England. The difficulty of maintaining Eversleigh in my absence was overcome by Rev. Wolfenden and his wife taking up residence there and but for this it is possible that Eversleigh would have been closed. A deep debt of gratitude is due to them both and it is a pleasure to me to record my appreciation here.

One of the most delightful experiences of my life was the welcome accorded to me by old Eversleighans in England, America and Canada—that of Aubyn Hodson in London, and the three Blake brothers in the States could not have been kinder and the same remark applies to Mr. and Mrs. Hodson, Gerry Browne and his wife, our old friend Naomi, (the cause of so many heartaches in Eversleigh)—George Hodson in Vancouver and Eddie Farmer

in Vancouver. No father could have had a heartier reception, nor I venture to think found more joy than I did in seeing these dear old Eversleighans in their new surroundings and in some cases with a wife and family.

The events of 1933-34 will be dealt with in some detail in this issue so that I will only confine myself to a few remarks.

Resident membership has continued and from last year we have been receiving several boys from St. George's Homes and now one of the rooms is called " St. George 's ". The desirability of having a home circle to welcome boys launching out on life, when leaving the seclusion of the Homes for the first time is so obvious that it is a joy to feel that Eversleigh has been able to provide this for some of the boys. Their presence also has strengthened the already strong bonds that weld Eversleighans, into one big family.

While the spiritual side of the Club's work gives cause for much thankfulness it also calls for much watchfulness. I still feel that one of the happiest hours of the week and one of the most worthwhile is when we crowd into the sitting room on Sunday mornings on chairs, on the floor, anywhere and everywhere—to sing together hymns that millions of others have been and are singing and through them, to share in that wonderful fellowship of Sacred Song with God's people down the ages; it is indeed a great privilege. When looked at like this we have in those hours, fellowship with David, for example, when we sing " The Lord is my Shepherd " and fellowship with hundreds of others of God's beloved people who have put into words sacred thoughts that stirred their hearts and now stir ours.

Our talks on the Gospel of John and the Epistle to the Hebrews have been a great joy to me and I believe to others. While the attendance at these gatherings has improved there are still many among us who do not share our views as to their value, in fact less than one-third of the Club of the membership is usually represented.

Another spiritual activity is the formation of an Eversleigh Prayer Group which meets on Thursdays. If I say little about this here it is because I think very deeply. Alfred Blake used to say that the Bible class with its voluntary attendance was the " heart " of Eversleigh, my prayer is that the E. P. G. may prove to be its " soul ".

Tuesday meetings are still the feature of the Club. Our very energetic Hon. Secretary, Malcolm Edmonds, is indefatigable in his efforts to get us worthwhile speakers and his success has been great. I tender herewith my sincere thanks to all who have responded to his appeals. At times " Mally " as he is affectionately called, is sorely tired by the absence of re-

sponse on the part of members in the matter of attendance and while things have improved there are still many who are not, to put it frankly, "playing the game." If any of these are not quite sure what I mean will they kindly re-read the objects of the Club and ask themselves whether they understand what it is to be "bound by their honour."

The Club is now nearing its majority and of late we have had the joy of seeing first and second generations attending the same Bible Classes. Needless to say, such experiences are a great joy. Years ago one of our senior members and a co-founder suggested that E.B.C. might mean Every Boy (for) Christ. We could not have a higher aim nor one more in accord with the will of God.

I close my foreword with a few lines from some verses I wrote while in Vancouver :—

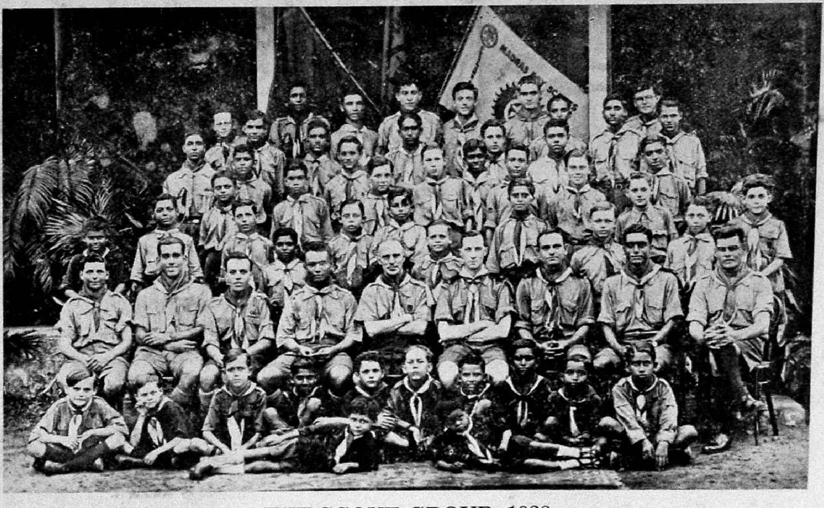
The humdrum duties of daily life
  Will furnish a further call
To serve, and serving, to answer the love
Of the One who gave us His all.
The class-room will glow with a heaven-born light,
  And the office will transformed be,
When seen they are in the light of the Cross
  Of the One who hath died for thee.
More wonderful still will your outlook be
  When you draw to your Saviour's side
And view your neighbour—no mere passer by
  But a brother for whom Christ *Died.*

I sincerely believe that in a proper understanding of the meaning and teaching of the Cross of Christ, and in its practical application to our own lives there is an unfailing remedy for the troubles the world is suffering from and I have no more real, more heartfelt desire than that you all should yield yourselves to be the servants of the Lord Jesus Christ and *live* for Him Who *Died* for you.

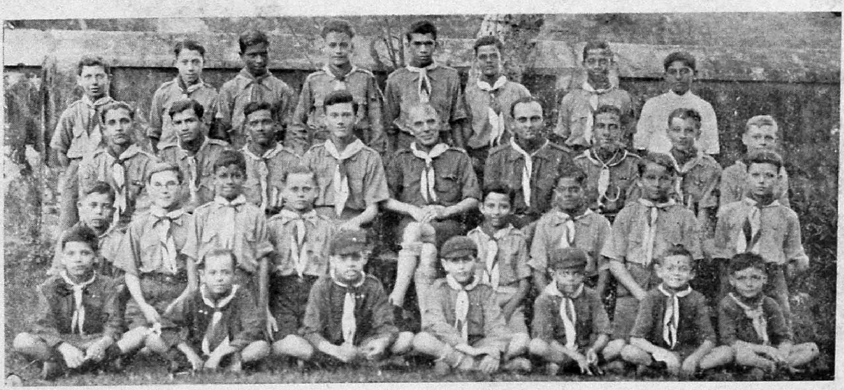
Your sincere friend,
F. HOWARD OAKLEY.

SCOUT GROUP BIRTHDAY, 1928

Enthusiasm and excitement! Yes, it was really splendid and the result so well worth while. October 20th is not likely to be forgotten by our Group for many years if only on account of the torrential rain which did its best—and succeeded fairly well in damping our bodies but utterly failed in any other direction. All the morning and for several days previously the Scouts had been busy moving into their new room and making their corners presentable. Thoroughly good jobs they made of them but as the afternoon drew on thoughts uppermost in everyone's minds were concerning the rain, but our luck held and at 5 o'clock the rain having ceased (only just long enough for our purpose) a large number of parents, 'nephews' and other fellows sisters having seated themselves along the verandah, thirty extremely well turned out Scouts appeared in the compound in an effort to edify. We must admit we scarcely recognised them in their uniform appearance, only one Scout in Khaki instead of blue shorts, all with correctly tied scarves and ALL with the jolliest of faces. The only two absentees were ill. Proceedings started with a little "drill" in Scout style. All we can say is that some one said "It was splendid." Other parts went to show the audience, who had not practised, 'O'Grady' followed on the same lines but with the Leader doing everything possible to mislead, though his orders were perfectly correct, very popular but perhaps 'Crash' an entirely new game which followed created the most fun. The message carrying was entertaining in its results reflecting little credit to the carriers. At this stage the Cubs took the compound and their thorough enjoyment was what would have struck the discerning spectators. The pack were amusing themselves—playing; therefore their demonstration was good. Their 'Music Hall' turn carried every one away while their Grand Howls were excellent. All's well with the Cubs,—a jolly lot (We thought of you, Gerry, in Vancouver). There was just time before dusk and the rain fell for the troop to play a couple of novel relay games—placing baloons on cups and filling bottles with teaspoons and to show how the troop usually dismiss—a cheery handshake. So far all was well with every one and so to tea. Here some stout work was put in by the troop and New Rovers (their first official appearance) both in attending to other's wants and their own. Everything was going on without a hitch and the utmost good humour abounded. Perhaps one or two were a little anxious about certain speeches due from them at a later hour but what with tea and exploring the Cub's quarters, Scout Room, Rover Den, and mysteries of leather work and the buzz of conversation and the



THE SCOUT GROUP, 1928



THE SCOUT GROUP, 1929

tuning of instruments, these orators passed unnoticed. 6-15 arrived and all crowded into the main room for 'music.' Not of the usual "Eversleigh" type, but of a mild form of Scout Community singing. No need to repeat in detail the proceedings of that happy hour. With 'Vandy' at the piano it was bound to be a success. 'Come on Girls!' "If you ever, ever....!" Yes, that was splendid and so was "The Orderlie's Song." Some of our guests helped us out and the basses of some of the Rovers (when they were not accompanying)—we had not heard before. At 7-45 we bid bood-bye to our fair relations and had a brief spell till 8-30 preparing to dine our fathers. The Cubs were taken home, the Rovers entertained the fathers in their den, final polishes were given to the toasts and at 8-30, fifty seven Rovers, Scouts, Fathers, 'nephews' sat down to dinner.

Perhaps not all the toasts were heard but we especially liked "The King—God Bless Him" from Timmins. Donald's remarks were excellent and Gerry's most sincere. It is hard to put into words all that dinner meant but 'Uncle'—surely now firmly and definitely christened, must have many memories of past dinners in the same room—faces different maybe but all inspired by the Scout movement to LIVE. He told us of many of them now scattered all over the world and to the past especially did we drink their health. Mr. West gave us the Parents' point of view though it is Stanley really, we have to thank.

Dinner over for half an hour—fathers and all—indulged in "Whizz-Buzz," "The Priest of the Parish," and "Crash." Happy memories. Poor No. 10 and 15! A jolly family party, and at 11-10 with the rain sleeting down "Vandy" went to the piano and we finished with "For He's a jolly good fellow," "Auld Lang Syne" in traditional style and "The King."

But we were not finished yet. Many had no conveyances except bicycles and they were useless. The roads were ankle-deep in water and still it rained. The last we saw of many were mere glistening bodies—naked except for shorts—disappearing into the night—presumably to swim home. "Uncle's" car did yeoman work. "Henry" can always be relied on unlike a certain Austin and motor cycles neither of whom would move. As midnight struck Noel ever cheery and his father were the last to go. But oh, not quite, a marooned party returned and begged a lift and another slept the night at Eversleigh. The eleventh anniversary of the Troop, the eigth of the pack, the birthday of the new crew and of "Uncle" had been celebrated.

The Spirits of Eversleighans who had gone forth animated us, and the spirit of Scouting touched us, the joy of life thrilled us and to some a vision was granted.

G. B. W. W.

BARCELONA, 1929

It will be remembered that the main portion of this Contingent returned in October. Scout Varma returned early in November and Rover Vanderholt mid November, leaving only Mr. Oakley and Scout Fewkes to return. The following is an account of the return journey of these two.

When visiting the International Advertising Exhibition in Berlin with Fewkes we were told that we should on no account miss the Barcelona International Exhibition, as in the opinion of our informant, it surpassed anything of the kind ever held in any country so far, an opinion we could hardly credit after having seen Wembley, and which we would not endorse after having seen both excepting in respect of the electric light illuminations, of which more later on.

A further fortnight's rush in London terminated at Victoria Station 11-20 p.m. Friday 22nd November when we settled down to what proved to be most comfortable journey to Paris. Although it was the end of November, we left in the midst of beautiful sunshine to reach Paris in rain about 6-30 p.m. We drove across Paris and after dinner commenced our journey to Barcelona. The first part was done during the night and we were able to get in quite a lot of sleep. The carriage was most comfortable and very warm. In the morning we woke up in what was to us an entirely new type of scenery which has been described as "Roman France" as being the section of France still bearing the most definite signs of Roman influence. The villages and country are most "old world." Sir Martin Conway writing of this says:—"Each farm might be Virgil's....... nowhere did Imperial Rome set its imprint deeper than in the Provincia which we still call Provence."

Somehow the scenery was not a surprise, the beautiful Railway posters we had become so familiar with had prepared us for the type of view, but instead of the wonderful colours depicted, we saw a sombre and severe country side, the trees almost all bereft of leaves, the few remaining on the trees however were most beautiful tints and added a delightful touch of colour.

At Port Bou we passed into Spanish territory and the necessary change of trains was a very simple matter, with no trouble with Customs. A tunnel commenced the journey making us realise how well protected the boundary between Spain and France is.

Barcelona was reached at 7-15 in the evening, the journey from London having taken 32 hours. If one is prepared to pay the necessary price to travel by the New Blue Train (the Barcelona Express) it can be accomplished in 26 hours.

The hotels were full to overflowing and as we had not booked rooms ahead we overflowed into a small "Pension"—a new and interesting experience. Our landlady or hostess could neither speak English nor French and we had grave suspicions she could not *read* Spanish, but she *could* talk and gesticulate and her efforts in this latter direction, in telling the other guests of the doings of the day, formed quite a free pantomime every evening of our 4 days' visit. Barcelona claims to be the "first city on the Mediterranean" we presume basing its claim on its size as it has a population of over a million people. It is a city in the process of re-making and consists of two sections, the old and the new. The old has a vast net work of streets, so narrow that for the most part they are "one way" of necessity as carriages could not pass. The main street or Rambala which runs down to the Quay has a foot path of about 6 ft. on either side of two rows of shops, a one way road, also on either side not more than 15 ft. wide including a tram line while between the "up" and "down" roads is a 40 to 50 ft. broad causeway for promenading, with flower stalls, etc., on the edges. Barcelona and its wife throng up and down this; at the extreme end, near the harbour is a magnificient statue of Christopher Columbus pointing out to sea. This is 25 feet high and mounted on a column 194 feet high. Some of the most important streets in the old town are not more than 16 feet wide and as the houses are 5 or 6 storeys high they get very little of the actual rays of the sun. The contrast between the old and new city is most marked. In the new city, on their main thoroughfares they have a fine centre road 60 to 80 feet for fast-wheeled traffic. Foot paths of 30/40 feet on either side of this, then roads of 20/30 feet for trams, slow traffic and parking and then a 10 to 15 feet pavement in front of the houses and shops on either side. The foot paths are planted with avenues of trees and the whole effect is very fine, but one wonders whether they have not been almost too lavish with their space with the result that the city will become one of very great distances. The houses now in course of construction are from 6 to 8 storeys high.

Their churches and cathedrals which we went into for a few moments are the darkest and most depressing and dismal places we have seen on the whole tour. A new building, The Temple of the Sacred Family, is in course of construction. It is to be a gigantic structure of very unique design, only 2 towers, of one side entrance are nearly completed. The design is by an architect Gaudi and on its sides it has a strange series of huge snakes, lizards and snails carved in stone which seem to contain the water pipes

for drainage of the roof, not yet built. The pillars of the front rest on the back of two huge stone tortoises. Much of the work is being done in concrete and the numerous cracks in the structure make one apprehensive of its ultimate stability but the design is on such a scale that it will be many years before it is completed. Models of the finished structure are on inspection in the crypt, one in plain white, which has a certain amount of dignity and impressiveness, another showing the ultimate colouring, which is too dreadful for words.

At the present moment of course the one attraction in Barcelona is the International Exhibition. This is huge and has motor bus and miniature train services to the various parts. The Exhibition was opened in July and will remain open until the end of the year, at least. For the grounds they have enclosed a section of the city, a series of six of its public gardens and one of its parks. The exhibits are housed in no less than 17 palaces. Some of them exceptionally fine structures. Some of the exhibiting nations have erected their own pavillions, *viz.*, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Hungary, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Roumania and Jugo-slavia, while U.S.A., England, Holland, Japan and Portugal have exhibitions in some of the official palaces.

A model Spanish village is a most interesting feature. The buildings being for the most part copies of famous buildings in Spanish villages, in full size. A specially effective exhibit consisted of 55 dioramas beautifully painted and lighted from the top. These were housed in long dark passages and each scene was about 15 feet long. The frames and the darkness from which the pictures or diagrams were viewed made them most realistic. The views portrayed represented scenes of towns of all the Provinces of Spain.

The Exhibition by day looked rather played out and almost depressing, but by night it was transformed, and the very features that marred the scenic effect by day, *made* it by night. The avenues were lined with rows of incandescent obliscs or columns, which by day were most unsightly, but by night were the source of most wonderful lighting effects.

A huge artificial waterfall rushes down from the front of the main National Palace and a so-called magic fountain of gigantic size plays in the centre of the Exhibition, with numerous fountains on all sides.

Six circles of jets—the outer one containing about 50, each jet being a 5-fold one with mechanism for spraying and concentrating at will, so that it is possible to make a series of 50 Prince of Wales feathers or an arch of 50 sprays perpendicular or gracefully concentrated on the centre. The pressure of the water can be regulated at will, now a small fountain of 5 or 6 feet high, and now one of 30/40 feet. By day it was splendid, but by

night it was surpassingly beautiful, as each jet was illuminated by electric light. 25,000 lamps being used for the purpose. When the white light was on, the fountain became a silver flower of exceptional beauty but when the colours were turned on, it was a sight absolutely baffling for words. Each circle of jets was illuminated by a white, red, blue and yellowish orange light at will, so that you occasionally had the whole fountain a gorgeous red, then as you watched, the blue would be switched on, and the red flower would change to purple, then the red would be turned off, leaving a blue to be changed to a green by the using of the yellow lights at the same time as the blue and so on. As it was possible to have different colours in each circle simultaneously, the variation in shades and colours were of course almost unlimited. I can well believe their claim that it is one of the most wonderful things of its kind in the world. In keeping with this and worked by the same control, was the illumination of the avenues of columns and the buildings and subsidiary fountains. At one moment these would be all white and then change into all the shades of the fountain. Behind the main palace sprayed the electric blue beams of the search lights which make it possible for the Barcelona Exhibition lights to be seen over 100 miles away.

From a business point of view the Exhibition was disappointing and I understand financially it has been a huge failure. The cost of the maintenance of the illumination and the artificial waterfalls and fountains must be enormous, and the number of visitors there when we were there was very small.

We left by a train at 6-55 p.m. and reached Marseilles the following morning, a 12-hours' run. Here we encountered very dull weather but we managed to get a good deal into the day.

The approach from the train was very beautiful. Our programme included a visit to the Museum and Zoological Gardens, the latter a very insignificant show. The Notre Dame and a wonderful tram ride, the circular Corniche drive. Visitors to Marseilles having limited resources and 2 or 3 hours to spare should make a point of taking this economical ride. Any No. 83 tram from St. Louis on the Canebiere has a circular route round La Corniche and gives a splendid idea of Mediterranean scenery at a cost of 70 cents. Incidentally the Memorial for the Near East army will be passed on this route.

The main street of Marseilles, the Canebiere, is full of interest as also the shop and stalls on the Quay and the huge suspension bridge conveying a section of the road backwards and forwards across the harbour.

Here as in Paris by careful looking round you can find reasonable and very clean restaurants but you need care, as the difference in appearance between a very expensive and a good cheap restaurant is not great.

In Paris we secured a splendidly fitted place where they supplied an excellent 4 course meal with bread *ad lib* for 6 francs or just over 1/- and 7 francs meals in Marseilles seemed to be quite good, but if you are not careful you may easily side slip and find yourself in a place where meals of quite ordinary type will make a hole in £1. One place we got into, we were almost afraid to sneeze lest we should be charged for doing so. A Boots and a Lady waited to pounce on the hats and coats of visitors which attention meant a 2 franc tip. In our case three waiters escorted us to seats and one of them placed before us a wonderful selection of uncooked fish, beautifully arranged as if for an artist's study. We declined this but were interested in seeing another party choose 2 of the fish which were promptly despatched to the kitchen to be cooked. When they arrived again they did so on a grid in the midst of a flame of fire and the diners had the satisfaction of knowing they had at least been over the fire, a satisfaction not granted to us in respect the humble steaks we had ordered which arrived warm but not much more.

Tempted by the literature of the Paris-Lyon Mediterranean Railway, we decided to complete our journey to Toulon by one of their buses rather than by train, the expense being very little more. This gave us an opportunity of seeing the first section of their famous Marseilles to Cannes run. This was done in one of their splendid 16 seater buses. Unfortunately it was again a dull cloudy day and very cold. The first part of the run, which is about 50 miles, was over the hills west of Marseilles. A steep climb with a wonderful view of Marseilles from the top and then several miles of undulating country rather bare and bleak at this time of the year but in certain seasons said to be beautifully carpeted with flowers. Steep climbs and descents followed over road reminiscent of the run from Ootacamund to Kotagiri, a few miles out we ran down into a quaint little fishing village of Cassis, then back again into the country of vineyards, unfortunately for us dull and dead just now, then again down to Less Leagues, then to the beautiful Bay of Bandol. Here the sun came out for a few minutes and gave us a glimpse of what the Mediterranean can be in the way of beautiful colouring. After two hours run we reached Toulon, but it was a great shock. A dull uninviting day and a dirty dismal place. We had seen it from the boat once before and thought it very beautiful but it is decidedly a place where it is true that it is the distance which lends enchantment to the view. A naval base it was of interest to see the French fleet but the town was most uninteresting and we were very thankful that we had decided to spend the day in Marseilles instead of at Toulon.

The mails were late and as a result although we were timed to leave at midnight we did not get away until the following morning at 7 o'clock time lost, which will be made up out of our time at Naples.

We have on board 8 scouts going out to Australia as Emigrants. They are members of a party of 83 lads going out to farms. They are a very interesting group of youngsters and are very comfortably accommodated in eight berth cabins. Some are Public School lads, others boys of the working class.

This boat is on its first voyage since its re-fitment. We are travelling third class as Scouts and it is remarkably comfortable. The accommodation is excellent, many of the first class and all the second class cabins have been converted into third of high grades. The dining room, smoke room and lounge are very comfortably equipped, being the old second class rooms, while the deck accommodation is most ample, three decks being available. The baths and such fittings are excellent as also the food, and the staff on board are very obliging.

On the way home one third of the passengers were scouts, on the return journey we have again one third boys, and to me it is a most interesting voyage. Five of the Scouts on board were at the Jamboree and eight are being sent out under the auspices of the Overseas Department of the Boy Scouts Association.

We reached Naples at 10 a.m. The approach through the adjoining islands was very beautiful in spite of the fact that it was almost colourless, being a cloudy day. A silver grey haze pervaded everything. We had a 8 hours stay in the Port most of which was taken up by a visit to the ruins of Pompeii. The new excavations are very interesting and much more picturesque than the old ones. Unfortunately, photography is prohibited in this area, but it is rich in possible pictures. The drive up to Pompeii is a very different affair to what it used to be, as a new asphalted by pass road has been constructed which gives excellent glimpses of the Bay.

We left Naples at 5-30 p.m. and passed through the Straits of Messina in the very early hours of the morning.

We reach Port Said mid-day to-morrow, 4th December whence I hope to post this.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS, 1930

IMPRESSIVE SCOUT'S CEREMONIES

The Eversleigh Boys' Club celebrated its 14th Anniversary at the Club premises on Saturday last, when some 200 to 300 people were present. The proceedings opened with certain functions connected with the Scout Troop, a novel feature of which was a new " going up " ceremony for five Cubs leaving the Pack for the Scouts. The Scouts were arranged as usual in horseshoe formation, and a rope separated them from the Cubs.

After a few words by the Cubmaster and a Grand " Farewell " Howl, the Cubs who were about to leave saluted their flags and faced the Scout Troop. The Troop then fell in, in double column facing each other, the shorter boys being next to the Cubs. The Group Scoutmaster with his assistant and the flags, passed up the avenue and exchanged greetings with the Cubmaster. The Assistant Scoutmaster then retired to the end of the column of boys, who immediately lowered their staves thus forming a bridge. The Cubmaster then lowered the Cub flag and as the Cubs placed their feet on its Staff he and his assistant lifted them to the level of the staves of the Scouts. The two Assistant Scoutmasters held the Troop flag over the heads of the Scouts, the Cubs holding on to this as they walked along the bridge of Scout staves to the end of the line where they were greeted by the Group Scoutmaster.

All having passed along the new Cubs were lined up in front of the Group Scoutmaster, while the remainder of the Troop fell in in patrol formation. The Group Scoutmaster then explained the meaning of the ceremony as indicating that the strength and support of the whole troop were available to the Cubs who were thus welcomed. The Cubs were then immediately distributed to the two patrols (Wolves and Bears) specially reserved for those who had left the Cub Pack.

A new ceremony was also introduced for the first time namely the depromotion of a patrol leader. In this case it was in the person of Gerald Fewkes, who had had 10 years' service in the Pack and the Troop and had been a sixer and leader in the first pack in 1920. He was requested to go to the foot of his patrol for depromotion, it being explained that he had served so well during his scout service that the Scoutmaster felt that he could count on his being willing to follow the lead which our Lord had indicated as the path of true greatness, that of becoming the servant of all. Two new patrol Leaders were then duly invested, the brothers Kenneth and Colin Vaillant and their respective patrols made their promise of allegiance.

The Cub Pack then being thus depleted of five members, the Cub-master reported this fact to the Scoutmaster, and sent his most junior member to see if he could find anybody in the troop who would like to go to help them. On being taken round he selected the depromoted Patrol Leader as he had for sometime been assisting the Cubs, viz., Gerald Fewkes, and as he had already received special training for Cub work in the Gillwell Park Training Centre the troop agreed to part with him, and the Cub took him back. A rope being provided the Cubs drew him over the line from the Scout Troop back to the Cub Pack, with cheers and the Troop yell. He was then presented with the Totem Pole of the Pack and constituted Scribe of the Totem Pole.

This function being over, games, competitions and tea were indulged in, on the terrace, the Scouts attending to the latter. A short programme of music was enjoyed which was followed by the showing of the moving pictures of the Jamboree and the Continental tour of the Indian contingent. After the second film, about eight o'clock an opportunity was given for those who desired to leave. Two other films were afterwards shown the party not breaking up till 8-30 p.m.

Among the guests who contributed to the musical programme were Miss N. Philips, Miss C. Taylor and Mr. J. Rouse and their contributions were much appreciated.

The prizes for the competitions were given away by Mrs. Brooke-Elliott and among those present were: The Archdeacon and Mrs. Creighton, Mr. C. Brooke-Elliott, Mr. C. W. Ransford, the Rev. P. C. Kerslake, Miss Baker, Miss Oakley, the Rev. D. W. Wolfenden, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Rebeiro and Mrs. Briggs.

Madras Mail.

SCOUT TOUR—1930

After six months' absence out of the country in 1929, I felt that it was next to impossible to arrange for a Scout Tour this year. First of all, my own personal difficulty of taking leave, and secondly, the difficulty about any means of raising funds. Owing to pressure of work I did not feel I could possibly undertake the organizing work in connection with a Scout Concert or display and unfortunately there was no one else free and able to undertake this. Most of our own singers, of whom we have more perhaps than we have ever had on our rolls, are now members of the St. George's Cathedral Choir and at one time to have taken all our choir away as we had done sometimes on previous years would have been to have left only one boy in the Cathedral Choir. Fortunately for us the position is not quite so bad as it was; but still practically all our singing members are members of that Choir which is, as most Eversleighans know, now being led by our old stalwart friend, Arthur Vanderholt. His efforts are supported by our leading alto, Edward Vanderholt and our leading tenor, Harold Kingsley. As it seemed impossible, therefore to arrange for obtaining funds for the tour by our old process, an alternative was considered which would not call for so much spade work by means of our new scout handicraft, 'leather work'. It was arranged that as before, intending boys of the tour party should contribute a definite sum towards the expenses to be contributed either in actual cash or by leather work. Some of the latter was sold on the tour but nothing like to the extent we had hoped. The deciding factor in the matter of the tour, which was a very definite uncertainty till a week or two before our departure, was the fact that I was able to see a way in which I could make business an incident, to the tour by means of inspections of our mines and of big works in progress in the same line. A second reason that made me anxious to make a special effort was that in the Pentland Flag Competition for the year the boys had succeeded in getting the first, second, third and fourth places with their 4 patrols and winning the first and second marks in the Competition. The Pentland Flag results were the basis of selection and 20 boys were eligible to take part, and it was expected that very nearly this number would do so. But when we came to actual figures they gradually dwindled down to 6, so that the smallest party that Eversleigh has ever taken started out for the 1930 tour.

It had been arranged that I should borrow my sister's car, a Ford, and that Reggie MacDermott should lend his Ford for the trip and that both of them might be in perfect order my driver Dhanraj overhauled them with the aid of Malcolm Edmonds, who is in a fair way to become a Ford expert. Unfortunately the very afternoon which we were to have started, it was found

that MacDermott's car was too uncertain to be a safe starter and as my brother C. B. O. had kindly offered to place his cars at our disposal, an alteration was made at the last moment and we proceeded on Thursday, the 5th of June to Bangalore by train. K. L. Staggs who was with us on every one of the previous tours was to have accompanied the party as far as Bangalore driving one of the cars, but as the car was not going it was arranged that he should still take charge of the party up to Bangalore, which he did, and as on previous occasions the boys were put up at the Wesleyan Soldiers' Home where, with the aid of 6 cycles they had 3 days' sight-seeing and rounding about Bangalore which they apparently thoroughly enjoyed. I gave most of this time to business, and in order that I might be free for this I spent the time with my brother. On Saturday afternoon, after arrival, I gave a Cine Kodak display at the Bishop Cotton's School to the scouts and members of the school, after which we were introduced to the Scout Room attached to the second Bangalore St. Joseph's College, which is very efficiently fitted up. The following Monday I gave a Cine Kodak show illustrating the Jamboree Tour and life on board the *Dufferin*.

The following morning about 11 o'clock we started on our tour. The party consisted of Mr. C. B. Oakley, Malcolm Edmonds, Kenneth and Colin Vaillant, Chase, Benjamin, Peters and myself, with two drivers, Dhanraj to drive "Henrietta," my old Ford Sedan and Manickam, who had been with us on a previous tour to drive "Cardinal Wolsey", the name given to the Wolsley car which I had acquired from Lord Goschen on his leaving Madras and which C. B. O. had purchased and done up. A third car was at our disposal for baggage, an old Mors, which was a somewhat doubtful starter. Our budding mechanic, Malcolm Edmonds, very gladly availed himself of the opportunity of driving in this in order to get some experience on the road. The rest of us travelled in the other two cars, the Wolsley being big enough to take 10 quite easily. This is one of the roomiest and most comfortable cars I have ever driven in. The only complaint is that it has an abnormal thirst and when it gets to the pump, and has a drink, the bill presented after the refreshment is one for Rs. 30. As she wanted three drinks of this nature during our tour, it will be recognised that it was not a very economical car to run, but then it must be remembered that as there were 10 up for a good portion of the way, it is not really so expensive.

The first stop was made at the Closepet Travellers' Bungalow, 30 miles out, where the 3 cars met, and we took the occasion for lunch. The next stop was about 15 miles out of Seringapatam where we diverted off the main road for about 15 miles in order to go up and see the Irwin Canal tunnel, a tunnel of some 30 feet diameter which has been bored through the hills for about a mile to convey water from the irrigation canal to the other side of

the hills. After going round the workshop and seeing the drills being sharpened and tested, we went underground and saw the work in progress there. On returning to the surface and the top of the hill on our return journey we found that the 2 cars we had left with the baggage to go straight on to Seringapatam had misunderstood their directions and followed us, thus doing an extra 30 mile run. Another annoying feature was that the message left to be conveyed to the Travellers' Bungalow, that we were coming, was not consequently transmitted. The Mors car was unfortunately without proper lights and the result was that the Wolsley had to take matters very slowly to pilot her in, while I went on in Henrietta with scout Colin Vaillant and prepared the evening meal at the T.B., the butler was away burying his father. A moonlight walk round the Darria Dowlat was taken after the meal, when we all retired for the night. The following morning was spent in sight-seeing on foot, going round the old fort, but we were extremely tired by the time we got back. In the afternoon we ran to Gum-Buz, 'Tippu's tomb, by car and immediately proceeded to Mysore and thence a 11 miles further on to Sinduvalli Mines.

Here we spent 4 days and visited the deepest workings, but to the scouts by far the most enjoyable portion of the visit was the swimming pond.

On Saturday we loaded up into the Wolsley and all proceeded to Mysore and spent the whole day in seeing the sights of Mysore including the Palace Garage, the Palace stables, the old Palace and the Zoo, a meal being taken in one of the Brahmin hotels as on a previous occasion.

On Tuesday, the 10th, we left Sinduvalli early in the morning, packing into the "Cardinal Wolsey" and "Henrietta", leaving the Mors behind. From here on we were joined by R. T. Coats, the Engineer of the Sinduvalli Mines. Henrietta gave some little trouble on this journey and temporary repairs had to be effected at the top of the Bandipur Ghat. The result was that we spent some two hours at the beautiful Bandipur T. B. during which we had our mid-day meal. From here we proceeded to Tippakadu Elephant Camp but were very disappointed to find the camp quite deserted and were told that work is now carried on some six miles away. The Wolsley climbed the hills excellently but six miles up we waited for Henrietta who was lagging behind very badly and was responsible for nearly two hours' halt on the road. At Pykara it was arranged that Wolsley should go straight on to the Soldiers' Home at Wellington with the majority of the boys and we left Dhanraj and Malcolm Edmonds to come in Henrietta as best they could.

We reached the Soldiers' Home without incident at 7 o'clock and at 9-20 feeling very anxious about Henrietta we were just about to set out with a thermos and supply of food when she turned up, having had many and

varied experiences on the way; and Malcolm who had been regretting a few days previously that the tour had been without incident, had almost come to the conclusion that he had enough incident to last him for quite a long time. The following few days were spent very quietly at the Soldiers' Home. A visit was paid to the new permanent Scout Training Camp at Coonoor and a long hike over Tiger Hill, Coonoor, while two visits were also paid to Ootacamund, one to Tiger's Cave and the other just a general visit, not forgetting tea at Davis'. It is quite fortunate that some of our members held the "Leather Workers' Badge" as when we saw one or two pieces of broken leather lying about we were given to understand that some of the belts required special attention after our visit here. It was really a very sumptuous repast, reminding us of the former occasion in 1925 when the famous G. B. W. W. entertained Eversleigh for the first time in Davis'.

During one of these visits to Ooty, I was stopped by a Missionary who was most anxious to know where our concert party was and was so pressing in his request that I should show my films that through the kindness of Messrs. Theobald and Fischer it was arranged that I should give a show at the Y.M.C.A. and although no advertisement was done in this connection other than the announcement from the Union Church pulpit we had a very packed and responsive house and the funds realised—Rs. 82—were quite acceptable. 3 to 4 shows were given at the Soldiers' Home and one at Toc H Branch, Wellington, who very kindly entertained us to supper and sent a cheque towards our expenses. Old members of the tour party would be interested to know that we were entertained at the Soldiers' Home by our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Marlow. Our most junior member covered himself with honour by beating quite a number of our soldier friends in draughts and altogether the time spent here was very much enjoyed.

On Friday, the 27th we left for Coimbatore, and after a very pleasant drive down the ghat we arrived at Mr. J. F. Stanes' house. We had expected to be put up in the school and had explained that we were in the habit of sleeping on the floor, but instead of that we found that we were to be treated as honoured guests, 3 of the boys being housed in Sir Robert Stanes' own room and the other 3 on the opposite side, while we were all entertained to dinner and breakfast the following morning. A display of the films including the "Dufferin" was again given in the new hall of Stanes' School, but unfortunately the light was very poor. The following morning we had the pleasure of going round Stanes' coffee and tea works and also of visiting the new school with its magnificent grounds.

The same afternoon we passed on to Mettur. We were again in 3 cars, as during my visit to Ooty, I had taken over from Mr. Theobald his 6-cylinder Buick. Chase, one of our scouts, left us at Coimbatore to continue

his holiday with his mother at Podanur. Saturday evening, Sunday and Monday were spent very quietly at Mettur. Here through the kindness of Mr. Henshaw, one of the engineers in charge, we were able to go over all work in connection with this project which is one of the biggest of its kind in the world. The Cauvery is being damed between two hills and when the work is completed it will form an artificial lake of 40 sq. miles, the water of which is to be used for the irrigation purposes and possibly for electrical. The machinery involved in the work was interesting and we were informed that its cost represents some 8½ crores of rupees. We were introduced to the special filters for water for the camp and also given an opportunity of seeing some of the wonders of liquid oxygen and finally finished up with going to see a blast done through this agency.

On Monday the 30th we left soon after midday for Salem where we arrived the same evening and put up at the Railway sleeping quarters. The following morning we went to visit the Salem Magnesite Works and mines with the result that we did not get on the way again until about midday. From here Messrs. Coats and C. B. O. left in the Wolsley for Yercaud while the rest of us proceeded in the Buick with Henrietta following. After having done about 50 miles at excellent speed, including a climb up a very steep ghat we halted in the Buick to see whether Henrietta would manage to get through. After about an hour's wait, during which we had a meal, we had a message from a driver that he had seen the car by the roadside with two people standing by it; but 20 minutes later a bus passing informed us that he had a message from Dhanraj to tell us to go on, Henrietta had got bearing troubles and he would still manage to bring forth. We therefore carried on to Krishnagiri where we arrived at about 6 o'clock in the evening, intending to spend the night in that somewhat beautiful spot. Unfortunately we found four different officials staying in the Travellers' Bungalow and therefore it seemed impossible for us to put up here. While we were waiting hesitating what to do, we were exceedingly surprised to find Henrietta arrive with Malcolm. As this was the parting of the ways for Henrietta which was bound for Bangalore, we only waited a few minutes to take Malcolm on board and got off to the next T. B. some 15 miles on the Madras road. This again we found to be full and likewise the next, but some 30 miles on from Krishnagiri we stopped at Vadiampettai and after a long hunt found the Travellers' Bungalow fully occupied as we were advised by the boy and as seemed very apparent, but to our great joy we found that the occupant was none other than our old friend Mr. E. H. M. Bower and his family, and through his kindness we were accommodated most comfortably in the Municipal Office next door. We were also very kindly saved the trouble of preparing an evening meal through their kindness.

The following morning we left at 8 o'clock and arrived at Vellore about 10, spending an hour seeing the temple and sights of Vellore Fort. At Wallaja-

pet we stopped for a midday meal and about 50 miles out of Madras we had a somewhat troublesome burst. At least we thought the tyre had burst, but it was one of the most extraordinary punctures I have ever witnessed in which a horse shoe got round the rim and beading of the tyre into the tyre itself without perforating the cover. This gave us some little trouble owing to the fact that the boy who was driving was too strong and put the hand brake on so effectively that none of us by any means could release it until the driver of another car whom we had offered to help a few miles back came along and then to our chagrin he put it right in two or three seconds. About 30 miles out of Madras we again had trouble. This time with the carburettor and the flow of petrol. Unfortunately we found that we were rather badly equipped for tools, the other car having taken the only adjustable spanner, but while this was the most troublesome portion of our journey, to my mind it was by far the most enjoyable. I could never wish for a happier and jollier crowd of youngsters than I had behind me during that last 30 mile drive. The uncertainty of the petrol feed through the suction tank giving trouble only seemed to add zest to the fun and when we reached the Mount in the dark and drove into a blinding storm it seemed to have absolutely no effect on damping the ardour of the songsters.

We reached the Club at 8-30 P.M. to find that everything was locked up and the first job was to break open my doors. An urgent telegram had arrived which necessitated a visit down to the office between 9 and 10 and in spite of the car's bad behaviour for the last few miles of our run, Kenneth Vaillant who had now become quite an expert on the matter of starting the car accompanied me to attend to this business. Thus we have completed our 11th tour. This time 220 miles were covered by train and nearly 700 by car.

THE ART OF RECEIVING

Just a wee, wee damsel and a sweet blue flower
Gathered in the freshness of the morning hour.
Just a dear old Daddy, with a kindly face
Who receives the flower with such tender grace,
That the wee, wee damsel fain would spoil the wood
Of every bloom and blossom, if she only could.

F. H. O.

CALLED TO HIGHER SERVICE

In our 1924 issue we published an appreciation of Gotlob Nagel. He left us in that year for New Zealand and we felt the loss very seriously. One of the original members of Eversleigh when it became a Boys' Club on joining —in 1916 he was one of our youngest members and he practically lived at Eversleigh for the next 8 years.

What a joy it was to see him as he grew up working with the younger boys. An able student and gifted in all sorts of handicrafts, a musician of considerable ability, no wonder he became such an asset to the Club. It was a delight to see the youngsters flock round him and however busy he was he was never too busy to give them of his best.

In 1924 he left us for New Zealand where he took a training as a farm hand. It was hard work with very long hours but he revelled in it. He found time for spiritual work in which he had always been interested. His talent for speaking and singing developed with the constant use he made of it, so that it was not a surprise to hear that he felt the call to devote his whole time to Evangelical Christian work. He took a two years' special training in the Bible Training Institute of Auckland and his ministry was greatly appreciated in New Zealand. The baritone which had been very helpful and pleasing in our Eversleigh Choir efforts, developed into an exceptionally 'soulful' voice and this he used with great effect in his Evangelistic service.

In 1931, seven years after his departure from India, he felt the call to come back and spend himself in the mission field where his father had laboured for 17 years. He arrived in India in September 1931 and immediately gave himself to the service, his ministry being most acceptable. In Cochin after hearing him some men were heard to say " If that young man stays and works here he will soon revolutionize the place." However, in November he was taken ill and after several days it was decided that an operation was necessary and from the effects of this he never recovered but on the morning of the 12th December he passed away. Some time before his death he told his mother and others " It is not always by a man's life that much is accomplished, sometimes God does more through his death." How little he realised that his own home call was so near. He had great plans for the future and when we heard of his proposed return to India we had hoped sincerely that he might be able to visit Eversleigh again and give a hand now and then in the work he had done so much to help in the past. But it was not to be. Why he was called home when apparently in his prime and with such rich promise of acceptable

GOTLOB NAGEL,
EVERSLEIGH 1916—1924.
DIED 12TH DECEMBER, 1931.

service is one of those problems we shall never understand until we see it from the other side.

While in New Zealand he kept Eversleigh posted with most interesting details of his life and breathed out deep longings for the spiritual blessing of all the members of the Club.

His death bed was a fine triumph and witness and his singing of hymns with his exquisite voice was an unprecedented experience in the hospital. Patients flocked to the door of his room to hear. The night after his operation when his temperature was over 103° and his pulse very high he sang in his rich and melodious voice the following verses :—

> " And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long
> Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
> And hearts are brave again and arms are strong
> Alleluia !
> The golden evening brightens in the west ;
> Soon, Soon to faithful warriors comes their rest ;
> Sweet in the calm of Paradise the blest ;
> Alleluia ! "

Did he know how near his rest was ? One of the nuns who listened with rapt attention remarked to his aunt " he must have been a very pure living boy or he could not sing such beautiful hymns while he is so ill." May his " home-call " be a call to every past and present Eversleighan to be also ready and to find their refuge in the One in Whom Nagel delighted to trust.

" HE BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH."

" Looking back on the past I've often wondered just how much blessing we should have had, if we seniors had joined together more for earnest, fervent prayer ! I remember trying to start a prayer meeting in the mornings, which fell through for lack of continued support ! To talk of prayer was to frighten people away ! and yet it does sound appalling to say we don't want *to talk with the Lord. A few minutes (or is it seconds !) with the Lord by way of civility morning and evening, as though we couldn't be so rude as not to say " good morning " or " good evening " to Him, but that's all. I wonder what earthly parent would like his son to say "good morning father, thanks for so and so ! " and " good night father, thanks for so and so ! " and nothing else all his life. A very responsive and affectionate son eh ? and yet I suppose that's a good picture of how even we, as true Christians, treat the One who gave us the power to become sons of God.*

The above is taken from one of Nagel's letters soon after he left us.

THE ADVENTURE OF 1931 TOUR PARTY

If I were asked which of our numerous tours I was most proud of, I think I should say without any hesitation the one I was not present at, namely, the 1931 Tour. I was then in England and on my world tour, but the old Tour Spirit of adventure was still in India and that part of India called Eversleigh.

For sheer grit and pluck I think that Tour takes the cake. It is one thing to start out on a journey of 1,000 odd miles with a tried and tested bus, possibly a spare car if urgently required, and uncle's cheque book thrown in for use when absolutely necessary. It is quite another thing to start out with an ancient and untried Ford Lorry which had been purchased for the price of a song really for use of spare parts and somewhat limited financial resources. For some reason, the Lorry counted on could not be obtained at the last moment and it was a question of abandoning the tour altogether or carrying on as usual. 'Never give in',—good old Eversleigh. I am proud of you! Do I not remember how the most thrilling tour we ever had was due to the same unbeatable spirit? At the last moment our concert party was crippled. Our chief accompanist and violinist could not come with us; but let us carry through was the vote of Bruce and Reggie and a few other stalwarts and we did. What a fine time we had in Ceylon just because they would not give in! What matters if the last singing effort was a duet by Bruce and Uncle, all other voices gone?

The tour had something else in common with the Ceylon one for I see just as on that occasion Eversleigh gave a lift to two Singalese boys stranded in Madras, so Reggie gave a lift to a Bangalore man stranded in Madras.

Of the thrills of the journey to Bangalore as narrated by Reggie's wife we better not say too much. Possibly even the Eversleigh appetite of such things was almost satisfied. A pitch dark road, unlighted bullock carts, ditches and all to the accompaniment of a reckless driver intent on reaching Bangalore by 10 p.m. with the aid of a Tin Lizzy and hurricane lamp! The night was ultimately spent at Kolar in the hospitable verandah of an Indian house. How charming people can be under such circumstances? Thank you, kind host. The guardian angel of Eversleigh had a busy time that night, but as usual brought them safely through.

A largely attended Service of Song in Bangalore with only one bass was conducted. Here an old Eversleighan, a visitor to Bangalore, Clement Fewkes, volunteered to come to the rescue. What a help it was, as the other bass in spite of three efforts owing to a very heavy torrential rain arrived half an hour late!

Mrs. McDermott, senior and junior, pleaded hard with Reg to abandon the trip in such a ramshackle bus but the spirit of "I'll get through" got away and got through and rather than have the anxiety of suspense of uncertainty, Reggie's wife insisted on participating in the perils of the attempt. (She was one of the original Eversleighans and we are proud of the memory).

Things now went excellently. A visit to Seringapatam and on to Mysore and then the final climb of 4,000 feet in 30 miles. Grave fears were entertained by all as to the Gudalur Ghaut but the old bus rose to the occasion, or rather, to Coonoor and took with it 10 very happy young people and all their baggage.

A short stay in the Stanley Scout Camp and then a return journey *via* Coimbatore and Mettur.

The troubles of the outward journey were soon dwarfed by those of the return. A broken pinion wheel, failing coils and batteries and a crop of troubles that once again proved what stuff the boys were made of. Mrs. McDermott wrote "Reg was dispirited that the end should have been so disappointing. But I am awfully proud of Reg (so are we all—Ed.). He accomplished that tour in the face of tremendous difficulties and with very little help —rather with a great deal of opposition. Most people would have thrown up the sponge. I'm sure I would have, and, though the end was so disastrous, we had a really jolly time." They reached Madras safely but had to be towed the last 10 miles. Mrs. McDermott in her despatch makes special mention of the pluck and spirit of "Kuttie" Weston, Chase and little Ernest Joseph upon whose extreme youth she comments.

This party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. McDermott, M. Edmonds, H. and J. Dorabji, N. Weston, V. Webb, M. Chase, E. Joseph.

BANGALORE HOCKEY TOURNAMENT

PRESS REPORTS

EVERSLEIGH DRAW WITH A. F. I,

BANGALORE, April 6, 1933.

Whether it was due to their not being accustomed to playing on hard ground or that they could not get into their stride, the Eversleigh Boys from Madras, were most unimpressive, and were decidedly lucky to force the Bangalore, A.F.I., to a goal-all draw yesterday.

They commenced in great style and looked like justifying the glowing accounts one had heard about them. But their lucky goal had an unexpected effect on them and they did not do anything of note thereafter. The visitors appeared to rely more on their tremendous dash and pretty stickwork, rather than combined movements, and were of no real danger when once under control. Every movement was more or less confined to the right and every pass practically directed out to D'Costa, but the local halves soon became wise to their opponent's wiles and undermined their well laid plans.

AN EFFECTIVE CHANGE

With D'Costa, Cresswell and Devanport being " boxed " up, the visitors' attack lost all its sting ; and it was only when an eleventh hour change was made in the attack, D'Costa being brought from the right wing to centre forward Devanport moving to the left and Satoor being thrown out on the right wing from left inner, that the local team were once again baffled and nearly had to acknowledge defeat. This change put more vim into the Boys' attack, and would have proved successful, had the three new inners not been prone to mix and to individualism. Satoor and Rodrigues were left in the cold and only an occasional pass to them relieved them from the monotony of being mere spectators.

CLEVER CENTRE HALF

Eling was indeed a clever centre half and kept his forwards well supplied with useful passes, while in defence, he smothered many a well directed pass. He unfortunately received no support from his wings, who lagged and weakened the attack—Christian was capable in defensive work and was particularly prominent during the team's heavy pressure, but Arathoon was as good as off the field. The same might also apply to Edmonds, whose shortcomings caused a devastating effect on the defence. Fortunately E. Satoor was cool and calculating and atoned for several of his colleague's blunders.

LOCAL TEAM'S WEAKNESS

The A.F.I., were playing with a certain amount of bad luck behind them, but have their poor finish to thank for their not being able to force their territorial advantage to material success. They approached well but once the goal was sighted, they appeared to become flurried and excited, and lost all control. There were twice as many individual raids than cohesive movements and in this respect Godfrey and Doherty were outstanding with their tremendous turn of speed, smart stickwork and dash and they caused the opposing defence a good deal of trouble before being checked. Doherty's goal was indeed, a deserving honour. Thompson was a mere " passenger."

The hero of the match was undoubtedly Finch, a player who is seldom seen in tournaments but one who has every promise of being a second Weston. Finch works like a horse and is able to get about the field with amazing rapidity. He has a keen sense of initiating attacks, is a brainy schemer and clever " spoiler ", due to his alert and tenacious tackling but is prone to be selfish. He was indirectly responsible for numerous dangerous attacks, and in fact paved the way for the A. F. I's only goal. The other two halves were useful, while defence was sound.

The visitors opened strongly and the speedy D'Costa was soon in evidence with his capital centre off one of which Devanport scored but was penalised for " carries ". Good defensive work by the local halves kept the aggressive bustling visitors at bay and often sent their forwards away, but to no avail. Thirteen minutes after the start however they yielded. Browne in his hurry to kick the ball away, thought he had plenty of time, miskicked and Cresswell, who had followed up, dashed in and scored. Bangalore settled down after this reverse, as the remaining minutes saw three players figure prominently. Godfrey and Doherty with their repeated dangerous solo attempts and Finch with his brilliant work in the pivotal position. These three players worked desperately to equalise and Godfrey had distinct bad luck when his hot shot rattled the upright. The A. F. I. were not to be denied and their failure only led to more determination in their next attempt. Seven minutes from half time, however, they were well rewarded. A smart piece of weaving by Finch presented Doherty with an opening and he took full advantage.

The second half saw the A. F. I. do practically all the attacking, though in the early stages, Finch's good precision averted disaster befalling them. He dashed in to clear a shot from Devanport, that had Browne well defeated, on the goalmouth. Try as they might the A. F. I. could not break through and had proved unsuccessful when full time arrived.

The altered Madras forward line changed the whole atmosphere of the match, in that the boys had the best of the extra ten minutes, but missed

three good openings—D'Costa had bad luck when he rushed through the defence and was about to score a certain goal when the whistle sounded.

Eversleigh Boys	.. 1 goal
A. F. I.	.. 1 goal

Eversleigh Boys.—Dorabji ; E. Satoor and Edmonds ; Christian, Ealing and Arathoon ; Rodrigues, F. Satoor, Devanport, Cresswell and D'Costa.

A. F. I.—Browne ; Mahoney and C. Pires ; Holmes, Finch and Capt. Shipton ; A. Pires, Smith, Godfrey, Doherty and Thompson.

A.F.I, GO DOWN AFTER HARD FIGHT

BANGALORE, April 7, 1933.

The Bangalore A. F. I's hopes of winning the Gymkhana Tournament were smashed to the ground yesterday when they were eliminated by the Eversleigh Boys by the only goal.

The Madras team were seen to better advantage yesterday than when they first appeared but still they were disappointing to an extent. There was not a single combined movement and very little pretty stickwork, their efforts mainly being of a dashing individual nature. All the play was, still concentrated on the right or when D'Costa took over the leadership, to the inners, and once again Satoor and Rodrigues paraded the field like lost sheep. The move made in bringing D'Costa to the centre was as wise as it was effective. D'Costa with his tremendous turn of speed, added considerable thrust to the line and quite upset the A. F. I. While he showed good understanding with Cresswell ; and it was through an attack by these two that led to the team's success. D'Costa played a fine game and when on the wing, fed the inners with several glorious chances but being poor opportunists, they bungled each one. In fact, had the Madras forwards turned to account all the openings that came their way, they would have won by a decisive margin.

Once again the halves showed poor offensive powers rendering little aid to their forwards when in attack yet their work in defence was intelligent and reliable except for Arathoon, and they seldom allowed the opposing forwards much hope. Both Ealing and Christian played well, the former often patching up a blunder by Arathoon or Edmonds, two weak spots in the team. E. Satoor was, as usual, safe in the defence.

CHANGES IN LOCAL TEAM

The A. F. I. made a few changes in their team, Meeking replacing Thompson, on the right wing, Newman filling the position vacated by Capt.

Shipton, who was unable to play owing to an injury to the knee, and Holmes moving up into the attack, Smith being dropped into the intermediate line. The first two changes were improvements, but Holmes was certainly out of position, being more capable as a wing and Smith was not speedy enough for D'Costa.

The A. F. I. played well to a point and in fact were a more smoothly working team. But even they depended on dash and individualism to bring success, but learnt their lesson. Their finish was also feeble due perhaps to excitement ; but they must learn that a first time brings more success than an effort to take the ball up to the goalmouth before shooting. All three halves rendered yeoman service, but even they were prone to be individualists, especially Finch who again played creditably. Mahoney was the most prominent in the defence and time and again broke up the career of an attempt by either D'Costa or Cresswell. Pires was inclined to be spasmodic but was quick in recovery when deceived.

DANGER AVERTED

The A. F. I. looked like scoring any moment in the first ten minutes because every movement was a source of menace. But their hesitancy coupled with over-eagerness enabled the visitors' defence to avert the damage threatened. E. Satoor was playing a particularly fine game at this stage and often sailed in to smash up a promising movement.

D'Costa suddenly flashed away on the wing like a streak of lightning and working his way into the ring, sent in a powerful shot. Browne stopped it, but the ball rebounded off his pad and provided F. Satoor with a golden opportunity but he mishit. From this moment onwards the Madras team were more in the picture than the local team and made themselves twice as conspicuous by missing several glorious chances. A few minutes later Cresswell weaved his way through the A. F. I. defence and only had Browne to defeat, but sent in a miserable effort, which the local custodian treated with contempt. Still later D'Costa sent across one of his characteristic well placed passes, and presented Cresswell with an opening, but in his excitement, he hit wide. This half was, in fact, a sequence of lost opportunities, and half time was allowed to arrive with a blank score sheet.

OPEN GOAL MISSED

The visitors made a change in their attacking formation when the game was resumed, D'Costa taking over the leadership. This change baffled the opposing halves and defence, who had been playing decidedly well, and it took them a considerable time to master the speed and dash of these three new inners. The Madras team were consequently able to break through on many occasions, but their attacks invariably fizzled out to nought. D'Costa

picked up a pass from Cresswell and dashed through all opposition. He had only Browne, to overcome, and a goal looked imminent in the confident manner in which the Madras leader took his chance. But to the amazement of the spectators he shot inches wide. The A. F. I. got away from the bully and kept up an incessant attack for the next ten minutes, during which time Dorabji played a prominent game, dealing with a heavy bombardment.

The visitors' supporters were held in suspense during this period and it must have come as a source of relief when Christian eventually cleared. His clearance sent Cresswell away and a smart bout of combination was seen between him and D'Costa. The latter reached the final pass in the ring and turned it past Browne to score the only goal of the match. The remaining minutes found the local team making desperate efforts to equalise but they had proved unsuccessful when full time arrived.

Eversleigh Boys	.. 1 goal
A. F. I.	.. Nil.

EVERSLEIGH WIN AFTER EXTRA TIME

THRILLING MATCH IN GYMKHANA TOURNAMENT

BANGALORE, April 8, 1933.

A remarkable eleventh hour rally by the Eversleigh Boys, Madras, enabled them to overcome a stern obstacle in the Bangalore Indians and thus enter the final of the B. U. S. C. (Gymkhana) Tournament last evening.

It was great game, the pace being hot and the enthusiasm and determination to conquer the day shown by both teams, being keen and strong. The visitors won by four goals to two, the two " deciders " being notched in in extra time, and they richly deserved to qualify for the final. They had an uphill fight striving as it were against a formidable team and against adversity, and it was just their bull dog determination that carried them on to victory. They gave a very much improved display, the best of their three appearances, and each man worked with wholeheartedness and in a never give in manner. Still, however, their attacks were wanting in cohesion, though there was any amount of initiative, thrust and enterprise which caused the Indians endless anxiety before they checked the raid. Each forward is a good individualist, and unfortunately they realise this fact, and overstep the mark. Devanport was particularly guilty of selfishness and on many an occasion where a pass would have enabled another colleague to carry on his good work, he tried to do things himself, with the inevitable result. The barrier the Indians' defense

forms, is one which calls for craft and subtlety if it is to be penetrated, and the visitors only seemed to realise this fact at a belated hour and the little teamwork they did show thereafter brought about their success.

VISITORS' ATTACK CRIPPLED

The Indians soon detected the Eversleigh's tactics and their close watching crippled the visitors' attack, especially so in the first half. But after the interval-change puzzled them and they allowed the visitors far too much scope. The Madras forwards were at their worst during the opening half, and when they did pass the ball was either struck in a feeble way or was ill directed; and thus the opposing halves spent a happy time intercepting these passes and sending their own forwards away. The inclusion of F. Satoor in place of his brother, was indeed an improvement, and this was signalised by him scoring two goals. D'Costa also played a praiseworthy game, his two successful solo efforts being brilliant.

The visitors have a capable trio of halves, one was indeed pleased to see Arathoon playing a splendid game—but still their offensive abilities were feeble. In defence they worked with tact and constructiveness and formed a difficult obstacle to overcome. They, however, cleared with commendable skill and resource and often launched their forwards on a dangerous assailment. Ealing was brilliant, his display being equal to that of a class centre half. Christian was also prominent especially at the critical stage. In E. Satoor, Madras possesses a full back of stolidness, reliability and skill. His display was nothing short of amazing, no other word can describe it better, and it is sufficient enough to say, he was the mainstay of the team. In fact the visitors owe their success to both Ealing and E. Satoor.

STRATEGIC TACTICS

Had the Indians maintained the brilliancy they shewed throughout the first half, there would have been nothing to stop them from winning. Their machine like teamwork and irresistible strategic tactics provided a striking contrast to the individual attacks of their opponents. Their stickwork was good and they often had a defender outwitted. Kosal Ram fared well as leader of the attack, though he took a delight in being off-side, but soon tired. The halves were a department that called for much praise. Not only did they have the Madras sources of danger blockaded, but their anticipation was so remarkable and the tackling so alert and tenacious that the opposing team were often surprised. They were a strong supporting department, both to their forwards and full backs, and it was only their slackness and carelessness in the concluding minutes of the game that led to the team exit. Radhakrishna played a dazzling game in the defence and smashed up innumerable attacks. Arokiswamy was safe.

AN EARLY GOAL

Barely had the team bullied off when they had to return to the centre again. Devanport sent in a stinging shot and Jeeva in clearing kicked the ball on to Satoor's stick and it deflected into goal (1—0). This three minutes after the start goal temporarily mesmerised the Indians, but they soon regained their self control and, through snappy combination, worked their way into Madras' area. Two minutes later Naidu received from a "free" hit and sounded the boards with a terrific drive (1—1). The Indians played great hockey after this success and their brilliant team work and clever stick-work often had the Madras defenders at a standstill. Kosal Ram led the line capably and often threatened damage with his dashing efforts.

If Madras got away, their crowding-to-the-inners-movements were easily repulsed and further the Indians had each forward, except the much neglected Rodrigues, so closely covered to render them ineffective. Consequently Madras defence was almost worked off their feet and eventually gave way to incessant pressure. Krishna tantalised the defenders with some clever stick-work before centreing and I. Arokiswamy receiving, worked. But one was inclined to think Naidu was offside (2—0). The Indians maintained a heavy attack almost throughout the remaining minutes, but could not penetrate the mountainous barrier formed by the visitors defence and halves. When Eversleigh got away, they were really dangerous; Rodrigues scored on one occassion but was pulled up for Sticks." Later they scored from a short corner, but the goal was disallowed for another unproductive short corner (why, we fail to conceive). Half time, however, arrived with the Indians still leading.

D'COSTA EQUALISES

The shuffled Eversleigh forward line had immediate success. D'Costa, the new centre forward, dashed away and equalised, evading the onrush of Jeeva—(2—2). The Indians returned to resume their heavy pressure of the previous half, but their attack appeared to lack the same sting and thrust of the first half. Madras, however, had to work hard to repulse their aggressive opponents and through sheer determination, eventually succeeded in doing so. The visitors now took up the attack and came near to scoring on many an occasion, D'Costa missing an open goal mainly through over confidence. The teams were still on level terms at the full time.

A minute after the first half of extra time, D'Costa rushed his way through and scored. Satoor increased their lead in the second half following a melee in the ring.

Eversleigh Boys—4 goals, Bangalore Indians—2 goals.

Eversleigh.—Dorabji, E. Satoor and Edmonds; Christian, Ealing and Arathoon; Rodrigues, Devanport, F. Satoor, Cresswell and D'Costa.

B. Indians.—Jeeva, Radhakrishna and Arokiswamy, Nathan, Parthasarathi and Susai, Devianathan, Naidu, Kosal Ram, Arokiswamy and Krishna.

Daily Post, April 8, 1933.

EVERSLEIGH BOYS DEFEATED BY TWO GOALS

FINAL OF GYMKHANA TOURNAMENT

BANGALORE, April 10, 1933.

A better half back line was the deciding factor when St. Josephs "A" met the Eversleigh Boys in the final of the B. U. S. C. (Gymkhana) Tournament on Saturday.

St. Josephs retained their title, defeating the visitors by 2 goals to *nil,* but without begrudging them of their creditable victory, it must be admitted Eversleigh were feeling the strain of their four days strenuous hockey. They played decidedly well in the first half, but completely cracked up after the interval, and were practically outclassed.

For a final, the match was singularly disappointing. There were few real collective movements, and those that were seen were produced by St. Josephs. While the hockey, though of a good standard and interesting was not of that thrilling nature; both teams were playing cautiously, and seemed to feel reluctant to exploit risks. St. Josephs were playing below their usual form, Snaize, Sweeney and others being badly off colour; and, perhaps, had they struck the form they shewed against the Y.M.C.A., St. Josephs would have had a runaway victory. Even in the form they played on, they were always on top, and were, in fact, a better balanced and more methodical team. St. Joseph's good combination was spasmodic and when they did move in a body, they caused the visitors a considerable amount of trouble before being stopped. Snaize made a poor leader, partly because he was off form and partly because Ealing had him too closely covered. Arulnathan, however, was in exceptionally good form and both the goals he scored were the outcome of brilliant stickwork. Gardner, when fed, played a noteworthy game and showed that he is a fast coming player.

FIRST RATE HALVES

St. Joseph's success, and Eversleigh's downfall, was due to the first rate trio of halves the former possessed. They had apparently "studied" their opponents during their previous outtings and had them so well under

control that they were seldom allowed to cause the college defence any anxiety. Their shadowing was quite detective like, and if deceived they struck to their "escaper" till he was dispossessed by them. St. Joseph's halves capably led by Legge, played constructive, resourceful hockey, and while keeping an eye on their opponents forwards, they led their own with well thought out, progressive passes. It is seldom Sweeney is seen off form and most unfortunately just the day he had an opportunity of displaying his abilities to a large gathering, he struck a bad day. Shunmugan, on the other hand, gave an astoundingly brilliant display, and absolutely outshone Sweeney. The former was a big thorn in the Madras side and broke up countless promising assaults.

SATOOR INVALUABLE

E. Satoor stood out head and shoulders above the others in the visiting team, so remarkably brilliant a game did he play, and was once again a most invaluable man to the side. The dangerous situations he pulled his team out of were countless, particularly so when they were two goals down. Eversleigh shewed more signs of combination than on any other day, but individual efforts were more prominent. Each man in the forward line did his best, except Rodrigues, their weakest point and a "spoiler" of many a good pass on movement. We have dealt at length in our previous reports on the halves inabilities as supporters to their forwards and their shortcomings in this respect eventually proved disastrous to their team in the defence, however, they rendered admirable service. Dorabji played a sound game in goal, though twice beaten.

GOAL DISALLOWED

The frequent shrill whistle of the referee on the Barrack end side played a conspicous part in the first half. Madras opened strongly and barely had the match lived three minutes when Devanport scored, but was penalised for some unknown reason. The visitors had the best of the exchanges for the first ten minutes, but found St. Joseph's defence too sound to penetrate. Break aways by the College saw Gardner figuring prominently, and he gave the Eversleigh defence a tough time before being checked. St. Joseph's now shewed signs of settling down and the first thrill they gave their supporters was when Snaize bungled a 'sitter' through excitement, mishitting the ball badly. Latter the same player attempted a solo and looked like atoning for his blunder, but Satoor dispossessed him at the edge of the ring.

At this stage St. Josephs were playing smart hockey and by their flinging all their resources into an effort to gain on lead; the Eversleigh defence had to work hard to stave off these stirring and aggressive onslaughts. The College looked like running through any moment, but they had not that

penetrative power to finish their attacks. Satoor was outstanding during this heavy assault and smashed up more attacks than any other defender. Eversleigh broke away on several occasions and if the College halves did not pull them up, they were penalised for offside. Attack after attack, in fact, was ruined by their being offside, and all because Sweeney and Shunmugan adopted the one back tactic effectively. The interval arrived with a blank score board.

SPIRITED ATTEMPT

Snaize created great excitement when he dashed away from the bully, on resumption; overcame all obstacles till E. Satoor was encountered, and thus ended the spirited attempt. On the other end D'Costa, who was now playing right extreme, raced down the field at almost unstoppable speed, and sent in a capital pass. Shunmugan, forestalling the danger attached to it, nipped in and intercepted before the ball could reach Devanport, who was suitably placed. Eversleigh attacked for a while, but were soon repulsed, and the College coming away, caused anxiety. A blunder by the defence let Arulnathan in, but Dorabji judiciously rushed out and baulked the College inner left; a thrilling melee ensued till the local team were pulled up for an infringement. Later, however, Arulnathan received from Snaize, and broke through to deceive Dorabji, thus putting the finishing touch to a brilliant solo effort. The College now attacked heavily and seven minutes later Arulnathan registered St. Joseph's second goal. This further setback practically demoralised Eversleigh, who had to defend their goal desperately to withstand the threatening raids of the College.

St. Joseph's	.. 2 goals
Eversleigh Boys	.. *nil*

St. Joseph's.—Knight, Sweeney and Shunmughan; Antony, Doss, Legge, and Walker; Gardner, Arulnathan, Snaize, Rozario and Lissenburg.

Eversleigh Boys.—Dorabji, E. Satoor and J. Eling; Christian, Ealing, Arathoon; Rodrigues, Devanport, F. Satoor, Cresswell and D'Costa.

On the conclusion of the match, the teams formed up and Mrs. Moir kindly presented the handsome cup to Shunmugham, Captain of St. Josephs, and miniatures to the other members of the team. The runners up received medals. The usual cheering brought a most successfully conducted Tournament to a conclusion.

Daily Post, April 10, 1933.

EVERSLEIGH ON ITS HONOUR

This is written in the hopes that it may catch the eye of some of our parents. One of the rules of Eversleigh is that each member is expected to regard himself as *in honour bound* to attend at least two Tuesday lectures or gatherings in the month. Now these rules are signed by both the members and their parents or guardians. A glance at the attendance roll and an attendance at some of the meetings would indicate that some one does not quite realise what *in honour bound* means.

This is not as it should be. Our Hony. Secretary is reported to make himself almost a nuisance by his persistence in asking speakers and when he has gone to the trouble of asking them and they have been kind enough to come and give us an evening the least the boys can do is to be there. Will parents please note and help as it is, we submit, most harmful for boys to be allowed to enjoy all the secular and recreational benefits of the Club and yet to feel no sense of shame at their absence at the Tuesday meetings week in and week out. Might we here ask every mother and father to see that their boys are not allowed to become shirkers of their moral responsibilities. The following is a list of the meetings and speakers in 1933.

Tuesday Meetings

Date.	*Speaker.*	*Subject.*
17th January	T. A. Taylor & Co. (movies)	Paper Making
24th January	Rev. D. W. Wolfenden	Railways of India
31st January	Mr. E. P. Mathews	Lantern Lecture on White Ants.
7th February	Mr. H. R. Mills	Elijah
14th February	Rev. W. A. Gunter	Grit
21st February	Mr. F. Howard Oakley	China
28th February	Mr. P. V. George	The Unique Christ and the Mystic Gandhi.
7th March	Mr. G. C. Martin	Bunyan and the Pilgrim's Progress
14th March	Mr. E. F. Norman	Football
21st March	Rev. S. J. Theodore	American Colleges
28th March	Rev. D. R. Bazely	Toc H.
4th April	Rev. J. A. V. Latham	—
18th April	Mr. F. Howard Oakley	Japan
25th April	Rev. W. A. Gunter	—
4th July	A Club Reunion	—

Date.	*Speaker.*	*Subject.*
11th July	Mr. F. Howard Oakley	Fulfilled Prophecies
18th July	Mr. G. D. Fewkes	Advertising
25th July	—	General Meeting
1st August	Light Blues vs. Dark Blues	Debate
8th August	Rev. R. W. Young	The Five Loaves and two fishes
15th August	Mr. E. P. Mathews	Signs of the Times
22nd August	Mr. W. F. Kibble	An eclipse expedition to Siam
29th August	Mr. G. V. Rogé	A Gentleman
5th September	Dr. J. E. Long	—
12th September	Rev. J. A. V. Latham	—
19th September	Mr. A. C. Rose	Wonders of Wireless
26th September	Mr. F. Howard Oakley	Ur of Chaldees
3rd October	Mr. Wilfred Pereira	—
10th October	Mr. Howard Oakley	A Reading
17th October	Mr. P. C. England	—
24th October	Mr. C. A. Abraham	Modern Physical Education
31st October	Mr. L. F. Foucar	A visit to the Solomon Islands.
7th November	Rev. A. J. Boyd	Scotchmen
14th November	Rev. R. S. Macnicol	The Adventures of a Saint
21st November	Mr. R. W. Theobald	—
28th November	Mr. W. A. Spittler	—
5th December	Mr. F. Howard Oakley	Poetry
12th December	Dr. F. H. Gravely	South Indian Temples
19th December	Mr. F. Howard Oakley	" No room in the Inn "

" A GREAT SCOUT AND A GOOD MAN "

In his valedictory address at the Scout Service held in St. Mathias Church, Rev. Latham the speaker so described Major Guthrie who after 21 years connection with Scouting in Madras has now retired to England. It was a very true description. Early in 1912 when the movement was in its very infancy, as far as Madras was concerned, Major Guthrie identified himself with the troop at the Civil Orphan School, and throughout his whole scouting experience stretching over 21 years he continued as their Scoutmaster. Many hundreds of boys, Indian and especially Anglo-Indian, will remember as long as they live the exceedingly energetic Scoutmaster who was a " past master " in almost every branch of scouting, wood craft, camp craft, leather work, knots, splicing, bridge buildings, etc., and many remember how they learnt more in his helpful examinations than in their preparation for them. To be failed by Guthrie was a scout education in itself.

In the early days of scouting when very few distinguished people were associated with the movement, it had the compensation of affording public receptions or Rallies for very distinguished visitors, and from the earliest days of the office Major Guthrie was the District Scoutmaster and so in charge of the actual execution and carrying out of these Rallies. The first was that for H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, the President of the Association, in January 1921. In this for the first time Indian and Anglo-Indian scouts co-operated. This was followed a month later by the big Amalgamation Rally for the Chief Scout Lord Baden Powell, February 1921, at which Major Guthrie received from his hand the Scout decoration, the Medal of Merit, while in January the following year there was another big Rally in honour of the Chief Scout for Wales H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Rallies were also held at Government House in honour of Their Excellencies Lord Reading as Viceroy and Lord Willingdon in December 1923 and April 1924 on the occasion of the latter's departure. But perhaps the biggest task and greatest triumph of Major Guthrie's efforts was the organization of the March Past in December 1925, when some 3,000 to 4,000 Scouts from all parts of India executed the March Past in the Madras Jamboree within 5 or 10 minutes of the scheduled time, a wonderful accomplishment as was realised by those behind the scenes.

That Major Guthrie felt leaving his beloved Scouts very acutely was very obvious to all. The date of his actual departure was very uncertain but in spite of this there were quite a number of farewell functions. The Anglo-Indian Scouters and Scouts with whom he had been associated so intimately for many years met him at an informal Farewell Dinner at the

Eversleigh Boys' Club where a very pleasant evening was spent. This was followed by a Games Rally at the head quarters of his troop C.O.A., followed by a Camp Fire, after which the scholars made him a presentation; while on the following Sunday a Valedictory Service was held at St. Mathias Church attended by a large gathering of friends and Scouts representing almost all the Christian troops in Madras. At the conclusion of this a presentation was made "From the Anglo-Indian Scouts and Scouters of Madras, a reminder of many happy hours of scouting in Madras—1912 to 1933."

The last function was a farewell given by an Indian Troop, the First Vepery. The Scoutmaster Mr. Govindachari, who is also Assistant District Commissioner for the area, made a very appreciative speech. The proceedings were presided over by Mr. F. H. Oakley in the unavoidable absence of the District Commissioner, Rao Bahadur Alwar Chetty.

Madras Scouting has lost a very valuable worker in Major Guthrie's departure, leaving a vacancy it will be difficult to fill but, as Rev. Latham said in his Valedictory Address, his leaving is but a call for others to step in and fill the vacancy.

A BUTTERFLY OR A BEE ?

The butterfly flies from flower to flower
And basks in the shining Sun,
    Perhaps he can say
    At the end of his day
I am glad for the work I have done.

The Honey Bee flies from flower to flower
But works in the shining Sun
    I'm sure he can say
    At the end of his day
How sweet is the honey I've won.

Which life would you choose, if you had to choose
The butterfly's or the bee's ?
    "If the question's 'use'
    It's not abtruse
A bee and a busy one please !"

F. H. O.

CLUB SPORTS, 1934

Saturday the 17th March 1934 was a great day in Eversleigh's history for on that day the Sports Meeting which had been in abeyance since 1927 was revived. The Doveton grounds which had recently been prepared for the European School Sports were kindly lent to us and were in excellent condition. Although the crowd at the Eversleigh Sports did not compare favourably in numbers with the bigger event, there was a good muster of friends of both sexes and a very delightful spirit pervaded the whole meeting: everyone seemed to enjoy the programme. As on previous occasions, no prizes were awarded but the keenness of competition for points was splendid. The individual championship went to S. F. D'Costa for the Seniors and to E. Christian for the Juniors, while the Club Championship was won by the Dark Blues who secured 51 points as against Light Blues 33. E. Satoor the Captain of the Dark Blues received the shield amid cheers from Miss Oakley who also very kindly presented a new cup for the Junior Championship.

100 yards Seniors.	Points.
1. S. F. D'Costa (Dark Blue)	3
2. W. Cresswell (Light Blue)	2
3. A. Ealing (Dark Blue)	1

High Jump Seniors.	
1. S. F. D'Costa (D.B.)	3
2. E. Wilkinson (D.B.)	2
3. W. Cresswell (L.B.)	1

120 Yards Hurdles. (Open)	
1. S. F. D'Costa (D.B.)	3
2. W. Cresswell (L.B.)	2
3. M. Moore (D.B.)	1

440 Yards Seniors.	
1. A. Ealing (D.B.)	3
2. S. F. D'Costa (D.B.)	2
3. J. Jenkins (L.B.)	1

High Jump Juniors.	Points.
1. J. Dorabji (L.B.)	2½
2. V. Heynes (L.B.)	2½
3. C. Rama Rao (D.B.)	1

Long Jump Juniors	
1. E. Christian (L.B.)	3
2. K. Kuriyan (D.B.)	2
3. J. Dorabji (L.B.)	1

Relay Race 4 x 220 Yards Dark Blues vs. Light Blues.	
1. Dark Blues	5
2. Light Blues	3
3. Dark Blues	1

Sack Fight. Dark Blues vs. Light Blues	
Light Blues	3

Throwing the Cricket Ball (open)

1. E. Wilkinson (D.B.)	3
2. E. Satoor (D.B.)	2
3. R. Garson (D.B.)	1

Hop, Step and Jump. (Seniors).

1. S. F. D'Costa (D.B.)	3
2. M. Moore (D.B.)	2
3. A. Ealing (D.B.)	1

Half Mile Race (Open).

1. A. Ealing (D.B.)	3
2. R. Garson (D.B.)	2
3. W. Cresswell (L.B.)	1

Shot Put (Open)

1. W. Cresswell (L.B.)	3
2. M. Moore (D.B.)	2
3. S. F. D'Costa (D.B.)	1

100 Yards Race (Juniors)

1. E. Christian (L.B.)	3
2. J. Dorabji (L.B.)	2
3. K. Kurian (D.B.)	1

Tug-of-War. Dark Blues vs. Light Blues.

Light Blues

Thread and Needle Race (Ladies)

1. Miss Joyce Shelby
2. Miss E. Mitchell

Bun Race. Cubs.

1. T. Kunning
2. R. Kunning
3. H. Bryant

80 Yards. Cubs.

1. G. King
2. H. Bryant
3. T. Kunning

Three-Legged Race. Cubs.

1. H. Bryant & W. Halge
2. G. King & P. Rice
3. T. Kunning & R. Kunning

220 Yards (Juniors)

1. K. Kuriyan (D.B.)	3
2. E. Christian (L.B.)	2
3. J. Dorabji (L.B.)	1

Senior Championship Cup.	S. F. D'Costa	
Junior Championship Cup	E. Christian	
Club Championship Shield	Dark Blues	51
Tug-of-War Shield	Light Blues.	

TUESDAY MEETINGS

We are glad to report that the Tuesday-evening Meetings during the last two years have been fairly satisfactory. So far it has been possible to have meetings every Tuesday in spite of the fact that it is becoming more and more difficult to get speakers. If the members of Club would only realize this and attend the meetings more regularly, it would help the Secretary a great deal.

One of the rules of the Club states, " It is expected that members will consider themselves in honour bound by their Membership of the Club to attend on at least two Tuesdays a month." Considering we have 62 members on the rolls only about one third this number attend the meetings and there are some who have not put in a single attendance for the past two years! Notice with regard to the speaker and his subject is put up on the Notice Board at least three days before time and it is very annoying and sometimes disheartening when fellows turn up just before the Meeting and want to know who the speaker is and what he is talking about. The resident members are the greatest offenders! This only goes to show that there is a certain amount of indifference on the part of some of our members with regard to Club activities.

From the list given it will be seen that we have had quite a variety of subjects. We are very grateful to the numerous speakers we have had for their interesting and edifying talks, both secular and devotional. Among the speakers we would specially mention The Rev. D. W. Wolfenden who chose for his subjects " Railways of India " and " Is War Imminent ? " Both these meetings were well attended and his talks were greatly appreciated. The Rev. D. R. Bazley spoke on " Toc H ", Mr. A. C. Rose on " Wonders of Wireless ", Mr. R. D. Denniston on " Cricket ", Mr. E. H. M. Bower on " Anglo-Indian Mutiny Heroes ", Mr. G. G. Armstrong on " Modern Transport " and Mr. C. H. C. Bowen on " Roads and Railways "

It is always easier to get a speaker to address a devotional meeting than to get one to speak on a secular subject.

M. D. E.

Date.	*Speaker.*	*Subject.*
16th January	Mr. E. C. Bury	..
23rd January	Mr. E. Miller	Reading from "Vice Versa"
30th January	Mr. F. Howard Oakley	Rules of the Club
8th February	Mr. G. Fewkes	Reading from "Vice Versa"
13th February	Mr. E. J. Bingle	Courage and first things first

Date.	*Speaker.*	*Subject.*
20th February	Rev. R. W. Young	" . . . began to build and was not able to finish "
27th February	Rev. D. W. Wolfenden	Psalm 51 : 3 My sin is ever before me
6th March	Miss De' La Hey	Canada
13th March	Member invited to hear	" The Messiah " M.M.A.
20th March	Mr. R. D. Denniston	Cricket
27th March	Mr. O. F. E. Zacharias	Sufferings of Christ
3rd April	Mr. F. Howard Oakley	. .
10th April	Mr. C. V. N. Sastri	Boxing as a sport
17th April	Mr. G. V. Rogé	. .
24th April	Rev. J. W. Salter	. .

VACATION

9th July	A Club Re-union	. .
17th July	Rev. J. W. Salter	. .
24th July	Mr. Dant	. .
31st July	Mr. Allan McKay	Rovering
7th August	Mr. O. F. E. Zacharias	Leadership
14th August	Rev. C. W. Ranson	Hyde and Jekel
21st August	Mr. F. Howard Oakley	Japan
28th August	Mr. E. H. M. Bower	Anglo-Indian Mutiny Heroes
4th September	Mr. S. Fox	. .
11th September	Rev. J. R. MacPhail	Life on a sheep farm in New Zealand.
18th September	Mr. F. Howard Oakley	Japan (*continued*)
25th September	Mr. A. C. Rose	Qui Vive
2nd October	Major C. B. Oakley	Experiences in the jungles of Burma
9th October	Rev. D. R. Bazely	The cinema
16th October	Dr. F. H. Gravely	Spiders
23rd October	Mr. H. R. Mills	. .
30th October	Mr. C. Lakshimarayanam	Bird life in South India
6th November	Dr. French E. Oliver	Pilate's wife (Memorial Hall)
13th November	Mr. F. Howard Oakley	23rd Psalm
20th November	Rev. D. W. Wolfenden	Is war imminent ?
27th November	Mr. G. G. Armstrong	Modern Transport
4th December	Mr. F. Howard Oakley	The Tabernacle

THE EIGHT-FOUR STORE

AN EVERSLEIGH VENTURE

The Eversleigh Boys' Club, which was founded some 17 years ago, commemorated their Anniversary at their Headquarters, Vepery, while on the Mount Road they commemorated it by opening a commercial venture under the direction and control of past and present members of the Club.

They having played together, sung together and camped together for so many years with considerable success, their President suggested to them that the time had now come to try "working" together, and, with their characteristic and enthusiastic response, the young men have done so with the result that the Eversleigh Syndicate has been formed as a Limited Liability Company.

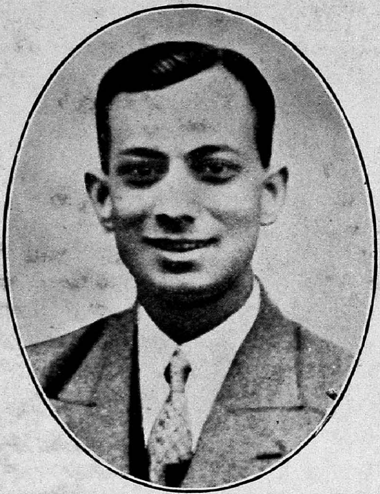
While its objects include such things as planting, poultry and fruit farming, agency and many other forms of business, their initial efforts are confined to the opening up of the first branch of the Stores to be called the "E.F.S.", i.e., Eight-Four Stores, so called from the fact that all the commodities to be sold therein are to be priced at either eight or four annas.

As stated before, the Club Anniversary is being celebrated by opening the first Store on the Mount Road premises which have been decorated in the Club colours, light and dark blue. Situated between Misquith and Co., and the Elphinstone Theatre, it is expected that this will only be the first of many such Stores throughout India to run under their control.

Within a few days they will also have on the road their "E.F.S.." Demonstration Van. This will be fitted with the famous Peugeot Diesel Crude Oil engine, which is one of the agencies in which the Syndicate is also interested. This van will tour the districts carrying with it stocks of eight and four anna articles, and also to enable it to broadcast its messages by pictures and music, and we know of at least one all-India advertiser who has decided to avail itself of their publicity programme. A large and varied stock will be on display while further consignments will be received monthly.

The "best possible value", is to be their policy and we understand that "specials," i.e., lines which are unique bargains, will be announced from time to time.

The Van will visit the suburbs of Madras before proceeding on its first tour so that all interested in this Anglo-Indian venture will have an apportunity of seeing it.—*Madras Mail.*



BRUCE LEWIN,
M.B.B.S., M.R.C.P., L.M., (DUBLIN),
D.T.M & D.P.H.
EVERSLEIGH 1916—1927.
DIED 17TH OCTOBER, 1934.

LATE DR. BRUCE LEWIN

A GENTLEMAN AND SPORTSMAN

In the death of Dr. Bruce Lewin at the early age of 34 years there has passed away a delightful personality. News from his wife written two days before his death indicated that he was not well and that they had sought to persuade him to discontinue his visits to the Plague Camps, to which he had recently been promoted as Special Plague Officer. He and his wife were due for innoculation, which however was deferred in view of his ill health. His death while answering the call of his profession of his choice is just such a death as he himself would have chosen. A keen sportsman and a Christian gentleman, he was always ready and keen on his job, whatever it's nature.

He was educated at Doveton College and was a member of a first group of boys, who over 18 years ago, gathered together to form the Eversleigh Boys' Club, of which, for 6 years, he was Captain, and he remained an enthusiastic member and supporter to the very end. In his death the Club loses one of the keenest and devoted supporters.

After leaving Doveton College, he joined the Local Medical College where he took his M.B.B.S. degree. He then proceeded to Europe and obtained the M.R.C.P. in Edinburgh, being one of the very few Anglo-Indians who have obtained this latter degree. In addition he obtained the L.M. (Dublin), D.T.M. and D.P.H.

LASTING REGRET

He was taking a special course in Cambridge when he received an urgent call to return to India with a view to joining the Indian Medical Service. That recall was a lasting regret as it deprived him of the chances of obtaining a valuable degree; and another reason that weighed considerable was that it deprived him of the joy of joining five other Eversleighans in their visit to Arrowpark Jamboree and the tour of England and Scotland and the Continent which followed this, as he left England while they were on the high seas. The recall proved useless and the reason given was his physique, his examiners smiling incredulously when he referred to his records on the hockey and football field. While he felt most keenly being turned down, he took it as the true sportsman he was and it was with difficulty you could get him to speak of the matter; but it was very clear that he felt that he had not been given a very fair deal, whatever the actual reason. That this should have been put forward was more than galling to one who had earned during his school and college career such an outstanding reputation for his play and

his keen clean sportsmanship. He was fragile in build but his agility was astonishing and delightful to watch.

He was a born leader and very musical, and on two occasions he carried through Eversleigh Scout Tours, which would otherwise probably never have been held—one to Ceylon just before he left for England, and the other only two years ago when he took charge of a group of lads and re-lived with them the joys of his own boyhood tours.

In his passing away the Anglo-Indian community has lost a most promising and delightful personality, and a very large circle of friends, Indians, Anglo-Indians, and Europeans, deeply regret his early death, while extending to his wife and relatives their sincere sympathy.

(From the *Madras Mail*, October 1934.)

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN

An Address given by the Rev. D. W. Wolfenden at the Memorial Service held at St. Mathias Church—Vepery :—

The passing of Bruce Lewin will always be associated in my mind with St. Luke, the beloved physician. Not only because news of his death reached me on St. Luke's day, October 18th, but mainly because he was in many humble ways the St. Luke of Eversleigh. A doctor, a gentleman, a constant friend, a lovable personality, Bruce Lewin can truly be called, in our day and among our own generation, 'The Beloved Physician'.

Notice that when St. Paul, writing to the saints at Colosse refers to St. Luke as the Beloved Physician, he seems to place special emphasis on those qualities for which St. Luke was well known. Aristarchus, Mark, Justus, Epaphras are other friends whose names are mentioned in this letter. But Luke is the Beloved Physician. There must have been very good doctors in that ancient world, successful doctors too, of greater reputation than St. Luke. But he had something the others did not possess. He had that Christian quality of lovableness which makes a man's character—not his reputation. We do not know the medicines St. Luke used ; his prescriptions have not survived his day. We have no record of the cases he cured. But we do know, what St. Paul is apparently keen that we should know, that here is a man who could rise above his professionalism to be a loving friend. Here is a man who possesses something more immortal than the medical science of

his day—the wonderful quality of bringing comfort and release to the wounded captive in his chains—a quality that has set on fire through his Gospel the hearts of countless generations of Christian people for the things of God. St. Luke is the beloved physician.

Bruce Lewin too was a Doctor. Reference has already been made elsewhere to the medical degrees he took in England. I do not know if any record will be written down of his professional work in Hyderabad. He has never on his brief holiday visit to Madras spoken of this to his friends. But we are gathered here this morning to thank God for the life and work of an Eversleighan who was a Christian gentleman first and a Doctor, and even a sportsman, afterwards. We rejoice that here was one whom we can humbly call "Beloved". One, who loved his fellow men—especially the unlovely lives of the world—those who were stricken with plague. He loved them so much that he died for the love of them.

"Love has a hem to its garment
That reaches the very dust
It can sweep the stains
Of the streets and lanes—
And because it can—it must."

To Eversleigh, Bruce Lewin is "The Beloved Physician". The life he lived, the way he died, emphasises once again for us that character, not happiness, is the highest aim of life. It is an error to think that Christian duty consists in making others happy and to be happy oneself. The Church teaches us that man was made for God. He is not a citizen of this world, only a pilgrim. We shall live after death; and because of that, our primary concern must be not happiness but character. Our ultimate end is to offer ourselves an adoring sacrifice to God: and because of that our concern must be to make ourselves fit to be offered to Him, the God of Love. Those of you who deeply mourn the passing of Bruce, let this be your comfort: that he has offered himself more truly than many of us, an adoring sacrifice before the God of Love. He has washed his robes and made them white in the blood of the lamb. He lived for Christ on this earth. He lives more gloriously in Jesus Christ now.

Like His Master, Bruce Lewin was to Eversleighans a brother and in a humble way, an example. He calls us to remember the spiritual meaning of E. B. C. which is EVERY BOY FOR CHRIST. If we are going to thank God for the life and friendship of our beloved physician, Bruce Lewin, we must remember that Eversleigh was the University where he developed much of his beloved personality, and resolve to be true to the highest ideals of our Club. Every Boy for Christ—will soon become, like Bruce Lewin, a gentleman of God.

Eversleigh as a whole has another solemn duty. It behoves Eversleighans to keep alive that wonderful spirit of Christian love that shone so brilliantly in Bruce Lewin. May I suggest that an Eversleighan scholarship be founded for the training of Anglo-Indian Medical Missionaries so that we may have, for the glory of God, more boys who, like Bruce Lewin, will grow up to live and die for Christ.

Is such an idea impossible and impracticable ? Is it only a coincidence that there is a regular supply of medical students resident at Eversleigh ? Do you believe that they are there only to seek the material benefits of the Club and not to seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness ? Is it for nothing that Bruce Lewin lifted up the Son of Man in his life and with loving kindness drew others to the foot of the Cross ?

The story is told of how St. Teresa set out to build a convent with only five shillings. When asked what she could do with only five shillings she replied "Nothing, but with five shillings and God there is nothing Teresa cannot do." Is this not true with us and does not the life of Bruce Lewin inspire us in this manner ?

EVERSLEIGH

Eversleigh—what memories circle around thy name!
Thy purpose thou dost achieve caring nought for fame—
Unostentatiously, distributing thy bounteous gifts,
We unconsciously receive—in quiet to ruminate,
The joy of association, of many hours of thought,
That touches the wellspring of the good thou hast wrought.

From Canada, New Zealand and England we see,
Thy nestlings filled with thankfulness to thee.
So fret not thyself but calmly speed thou on,
Still noble, in thy thought, word and deed.
"Qui Vive" in the spirit of service and truth
Is Eversleigh—glad home of our youth.

BRUCE LEWIN.

[These lines were written by Bruce as a tribute to "Eversleigh" for an Earlier Edition of the "Eversleighan."—EDITORS.]

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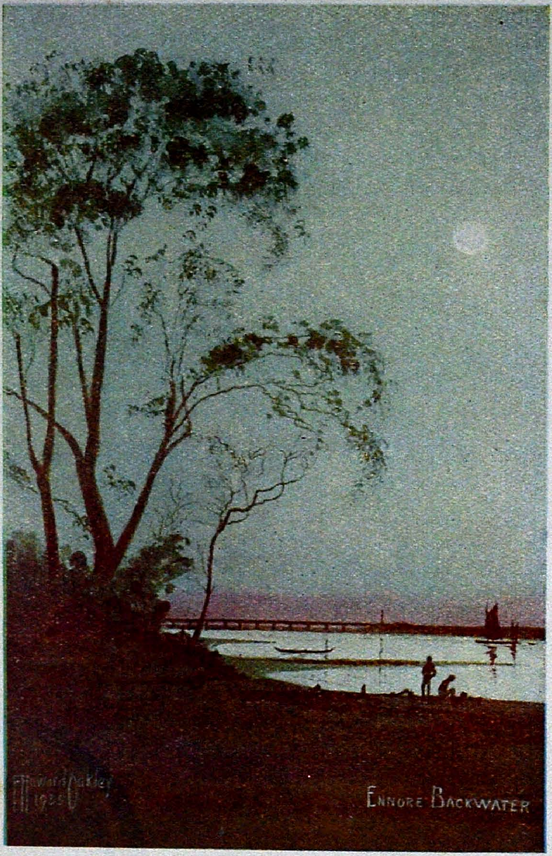


– ENNORE –
The old bathing pool!

A THOUSAND MILES SCOUT TOUR

OR

A THOUSAND SMILES SCOUT TOUR

For weeks the one question had been "Will there be any Tour this year". The prospects seemed brighter and then still brighter when it was learned that the Peugeot Diesel Crude Oil bus which conveyed the Scout tour party to the Nilgiris last year and was demonstrating in Coimbatore would be available for this year's tour if required. Then came the blow that the Scoutmaster could not get away and the question was "Would the make-shift Scouter consent to carry on without?" The prospects being favourable notices were issued. Then came the parents' consent, followed by all the thrills and excitement of buying, begging or borrowing the necessary kit and finally the start.

Friday night saw the whole party ready and sleeping, or trying to sleep, on the floor of the troop Head Quarters in order that a very early start could be made. Sleep was almost impossible with such excitement. One at least of the party was going to see a little of the world for the first time, his previous journey outside Madras having never exceeded 12 miles.

At 3 a.m. all were awake and after loading the bus with our bedding and our "little marys" with a good square meal prepared by the Burrawangas, a start was made in the dusk at 5 a.m.

The party consisted of one Cub, 13 Scouts, one Asst. Scoutmaster and a make-shift Scoutmaster—15 in all just short of a rupee's worth! The scouts were divided into two Patrols, the Burrawangas led by Patrol Leader Peters, and the Wankitakas led by Patrol Leader Noel Weston. The communities represented made rather a mixed bag including as it did 1 Parsee, 1 Hindu, 3 Indian Christian and 10 Anglo-Indian and European.

The first stage of the journey was from Madras to Vellore 96 miles, and the party proceeded slowly along the Poonamalle High Road, the speed being restrained by what appeared to be an almost endless line of bullock carts. 13 miles out we passed through the old Military Cantonment of Poonamalle. 17 miles out of Madras a puncture had to be dealt with. At Ranipet we decided to go to Vellore and crossed the Pallar River over the Wenlock Causeway. There was no water in the river.

Vellore however was reached about midday and a halt was made at the Traveller's Bungalow. The heat was intense. After lunch a party pro-

ceeded to inspect the Fort. The skipper who thought he knew the ropes led us to the small door by the moat only to find it has been permanently closed. This involved a very hot and somewhat long trudge round to the main gate. The old Shiva temple inside the Fort was inspected in some detail, and the long trudge to show the Well and interesting Gate in the 30 feet thick walls of the Fort disclosed that this was also bricked up and the Well was being filled with rubbish. Arrangements had been made for the bus to meet us at the main gate and while waiting for it were all glad to get outside the liquid part of a supply of tender cocoanuts; the intense heat made this refreshment most acceptable.

A start was made at about 2 p.m. for Chittoor passing the tombs of Tippu Sultan's family on the way. The intense heat was soon accounted for by a terrific storm which broke on us and drenched everyone, the rain coming in from the front, sides and even from the top. As a means of damping the ardour of the Scouts it was entirely unsuccessful and it proved most useful in its early disclosure that we had abroad as jolly a crowd of youngsters as could be wished for—the heavier the rain the louder the singing.

As all were very wet it was decided to run into Chittoor and to "off load" for the night. It was only about 3-30 p.m. but it was so dark that requests were made for permission to get into night suits and put down beds indicating that all count of time had been lost. However the storm passed and in the evening parties wandered about the town, wrote postcards and letters and played leap frog, etc., while the duty patrol prepared the evening meal. Early to bed was the order of the night and soon all were stretched out on their mats on the verandah with the prospect of being called again at 3 a.m. for the climb up the Pulmaner Ghat the following morning. The actual start was made at 5 a.m. and it was realised that about two hours was needed for preparation of a morning meal and loading up of the bus.

From Chittoor we passed through Venkatagiri and then began the steep climb on to the Mysore Plateau, the rise being from about 900 feet above the sea level to 2,500 feet. The air at this altitude and early in the morning was delightfully fresh. At the 123rd mile from Madras we passed the newly erected gateway marking the entrance into the Mysore State and a few miles on we encountered the first of the very numerous toll gates still existing in the Mysore State. Bangalore was reached safely about midday, the total mileage from Madras being 220.

Two days were spent in this beautiful city. While waiting for our dinners to digest on the second evening here our skipper suggested that before we proceeded any further it would be well for us all to make our "Wills"

and under his instructions we proceeded to do so, each person signing his name to identify the will and then chosing six things to leave. Having done this, the wills were folded up and handed on and the names of six beneficiaries were added. The wills were folded again and six reasons for their generosity were added. Considerable amusement was caused when it was discovered that our skipper's grey hairs were accounted for by the fact that the "Cub" member of the party had left them to him. It was found that another member had left a smile "because it was useless" to Quack-Quack whose well known alias "Smiler" explained the reason; but the greatest amusement was caused by the distress and anxiety to repudiate his will on the part of one of the will makers, who, up till this time, had never been suspected of even the slightest attack of 'girlitis'. The fourth item of his will declared that he had left his life to his best girl out of love. Again knowing his gentle disposition, we all got rather a serious shock at his idea of a Scout's good turn when it was found later in his Will that he had "left a kick to the dog as a good turn".

It was planned to start for Seringapatam (76 miles) at 10 o'clock the following morning, but just as we were about to leave the driver announced that he had got to go home for his bedding and a two hours delay involved our being ultimately caught in another very heavy thunder storm. The road was in fair condition and full of interest. Old camping grounds of the time of Tippu were passed while almost every mile or so had some interest or incident connected with previous tours—the ragged nerves of some over-tired Scouts who put up at Kangeri T. B.; the hill where Lucy, our old car, shed one of her wheels; the incident where a tin of water was poured into a Ford car before it was discovered that it was not petrol, etc., etc. At the 50th milestone we stayed in a Mission Bungalow for a lunch of bread and cheese and passing through Mandya (61) we reached Seringapatam (76) in heavy rain. Our old friend the matey at the T. B. was glad to see us again and kindly undertook to cook our evening meal, an offer we gladly availed ourselves of as we were all very tired. The skipper undertook the brewing of the cocoa and after two efforts succeeded in making it strong and sweet enough to satisfy all.

After the heavy storm the following day proved to be almost perfect, and the whole of the morning was spent wandering round the Summer Palace and the ancient Fort of Seringapatam. At noon a visit was paid to Scott's Bungalow on the way into Mysore. Here the old trick of recommending special preparation in dress with a view to meeting Col. Scott was again played on some of the lads. Sight seeing in Mysore was reserved to a later visit and we only called at the market and took refreshments at a Brahmin hotel, which all greatly enjoyed.

Proceeding to Sinduvalli Chrome Mines 9 miles on, we arrived about 6 o'clock in the evening. A two days' halt was made here, during which several long swimming periods were indulged in, with great delight, in the huge cemented tank on the top of the hill. The party was put up in the Guest Quarters of the mine, which are only a few feet away from the General Manager's bungalow, the inhabitants of which were considerably amused in the early hours of the morning to hear one of the scouts singing a hymn rather happily. Their amusement was caused mainly by the selection as the hymn chosen, namely, " The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden ". The one whose voice was heard singing this so happily had been seen sitting in the corner writing a letter alleged to be to his sister in Ketti the evening before ; there was some speculation as to whether the letter was to his own or someone else's sister—a suspicion rather emphasized later on in the tour. One day was allocated to a shoot and a large party turned out to see if they could find any wild pig. Only two guns were available and accordingly the party divided into two sections. The only thing that was seen with regard to the pig was its pug marks, and we believe some of the members of the party were pigs enough to be rather glad that no pig was shot. Beyond a few hare, a few spotted deer and doves, no game of any interest was seen, but this was supplied by in another form by the walk back of 3 or 4 miles over ploughed fields with burning heat and empty water bottles jeering at us. However, this made the swim in the tank all the more acceptable. The few birds shot were much appreciated by the dogs who could not wait for them to be cooked but showed their appreciation of our hunting powers by giving them a safe home while our backs were turned.

Loading up the car after this halt we proceeded to Gudalur stopping after a few minutes at the Tea House at Tippakkadu where we went to see the Elephant Camp which has now been removed back to its old spot. Only one small captive elephant was found there during this visit, and instead of the 8 sheds that used to exist there are only 2 or 3. Of course every one had to be shown the spot in the river where Christian suddenly threw his arms round the neck of Vanderholt Senior to save himself, with the result that he fell into the river up to his neck much to his surprise and our delight. The look of astonishment on his face supplied chuckles upon every recollection throughout that tour.

At Kukkanahalli, where the river forms the boundary of the British and Mysore territory, we were interested to note that the Mysore Stage have introduced a very ornate gateway, similar to the one on the boundary on the Pulmaner side.

Reaching Gudalur we found a letter waiting from Mr. Whittle of the Surrey Tea Estate, and we were guided to this where we spent the night.

As all were very tired we turned in very quickly after our evening meal. Unfortunately, one of the party developed fever and ran up to a temperature of over 103 which caused some anxiety during the night, and much cogitation as to whether to leave him behind with Mr. Whittle or in the local hospital, or risk taking him up in the bus the following morning. In the morning, after an inspection of the process of tea making, all excepting the cooks for the day went down with a maistry to one of the fishing centres where they were told quite big fish were frequently found and wild elephants were often to be seen. From conversation we have overheard we gather many of the members of this brave party were exceedingly scared and mightily glad to get back to the bungalow. However they did not come back alone, and on their arrival they very soon converted the verandah of Mr. Whittle's house into something more like a butcher's shop than a respectable verandah. This was due to the fact that the scouts had proved exceedingly popular with the leeches who had come back with them and the process of clearing them off was somewhat gory.

Leaving between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon we travelled up the Ghat (32 miles) and climbed the 7,500 ft. leading to the delightful hill station Ootacamund. The scenery on way up was, as usual, superb and those who had seen it before found double delight in seeing the pleasure and interest of those who were seeing it for the first time. It was suggested by one who should know that it was a good substitute for an airplane view of the Mysore jungles. Our young friend of the "Voice that Breathed o'er Eden" was much perplexed by the frequent signboards indicating the "Bridle Path" and wanting to know what it meant. He did not seem to be convinced with the suggestion that it might be a mistake in spelling for bridal. Fortunately our fever patient although not able to enjoy the scenery of the journey up slept soundly all the way and was free from fever when we reached Ooty. Through the kindness of Mr. Bury, the Principal of Breeks School, we were again privileged to stay in the school, and our skipper was reminded of the first visit of the Eversleigh Troop there in 1918 when they put up in exactly the same quarters and thoughts were often with members of that happy party now in America, Canada, England and various part of India.

The following morning the whole troop attended the Memorial Service held in the Union Church in memory of Pastor Theobald who had always given us such a hearty welcome and been our host during our first and subsequent visit.

Monday was spent seeing the sights of Ooty and climbing Elk Hill, finishing up with tea as the guests of Miss Oakley at Eckford. Tuesday of course was spent as usual in the shandy and it was gratifying to see the thought of the friends down in the plains, indicated by the number of baskets

despatched. Passing through Lovedale (not by the Bridle path) we proceeded to St. George's Home, Ketti, where Mr. Smith, the Principal, very kindly housed us in the school Hospital which fortunately was not in use and made us his personal guests for most of our meals. The boys will never forget the heartiness of the welcome they were again accorded in this delightful spot, on this our third visit.

The following day was spent in a visit to Coonoor and Sim's Park and on the return a hockey match was played with St. George's Home boys in which we were beaten 6—3.

An early start was made the following day for Kotagiri where a most enjoyable day was spent as the guests of Mr. Pereira and his mother. On returning, another hockey match was played which resulted in a draw, and following this a programme of music, moving and still pictures and a camp fire was given in the school hall. As usual, the children and staff proved a most delightful responsive audience and we were all immensely impressed with the happy spirit permeating these homes. As the Hospital adjoins the Nursery, it was an immense joy and interest to those in charge to see the pleasure the scouts derived from playing with the very juvenile inmates of the Nursery. It had been intended to leave Ketti early and return direct to Sinduvalli near Mysore. Unfortunately a break in the water connection of the radiator necessitated a full day's delay in Ooty and another night being spent there. Perhaps this day will be remembered as much as any other of the tour on account of the gastronomic achievements of several members of the party. One young gentleman managed a double barrelled lunch in a Brahmin hotel, to be followed by tea in friend's house and then to be followed by the Rupee tea at Davies's, where he quite held his own and where the whole party were the guests of the skipper following the lead given by G. B. W. Woodroffe in 1922. What happened to the sausage rolls and curry puffs that adorned the table, let alone the scones, cakes, bread, jam and butter, is still a wonder to some of us, and had not the good lady of the establishment indicated her ardent desire that they should have everything they wished two or three times over, we should have wondered whether she was still perplexed as to what happened to the good fare. It would be unkind to say who holds the record and there are several claimants.

We planned to start at 8 o'clock the following morning so as to reach Sinduvalli in the afternoon but unfortunately there was a little delay over our crude oil and we did not get away from the B. O. C. headquarters until 10 o'clock. The mines were reached, however in comfort in the evening and we used the mines the following day as the base for a trip into Mysore where the Palace Stables, Garage and Zoo were visited and after tea a visit was made to the Kannambady Dam to see the garden fountains illuminated by night. The following morning a party of about 12 went down the mines. All

had another good swim and in the afternoon we departed for Maddur, it being decided that we would run along the Irwin Canal bund via Kannambady. The run as far as French Rocks was very picturesque and the sunset particularly fine. At French Rocks, we turned off the channel bund and were soon on the main road for Maddur which we reached about 9 o'clock at night.

The following morning we ran out 32 miles to the Sivasamudram Falls and were shown over the power house by two Rovers who were most kind and gave us a very hearty welcome. On our return we visited the Malvalli Mission station and had a sumptuous tea at the Mission Bungalow of Mr. and Mrs. Evans, which was very greatly enjoyed. Reaching Maddur about 6 o'clock it was decided not to stay the night as originally planned but to make for Bangalore that evening. The sunset on this occasion, as on the previous evening, was a source of great pleasure and delight to all and was responsible for little delay in our start for Bangalore. We reached our destination about 10 o'clock, most of the party being by this time fast asleep.

During the few days we spent in Bangalore on our return, enquiries as to the state of finance revealed that our Treasurer was down to his last 6 annas and it was quite clear that the private personal exchequers were exhausted, as one member who had been vending chocolate and chewing gum for cash was now being pestered for "tick". However there were two lectures to be given which it was expected would put the Troop funds in condition, but what about the private purses? Within half an hour of the enquiry as to the financial state of the exchequer a M.O. for Rs. 15 arrived from an old member of Eversleigh who had been on the earliest tours, to stand the boys a tea or something like that. As we were to be the guests of the Mysore State Rovers "Commissioner's Own" at Oaklipuram that evening for tea and leaving the next day, it was decided to distribute the cash and it would be difficult to tell who had the greatest joy out of it—the donor, the bankrupt recipients or the skipper. We believe he claims that his was the greatest pleasure in the practical fellowship of this old member who had been present in the tour so far back as 16 years ago.

The two lantern lectures with singing were given, one in the Clarence School, Frasertown, and the other at the Union Gospel Hall, Richmond Town, with the desired result as far as finances were concerned but no surplus.

The return journey to Madras was without incident. Owing to a delayed departure it was decided to spend the night again at Chittoor T. B. and do the rest of the journey the following morning. We decided to return via the Rice Causeway over the Pennai River instead of the longer route through Vellore. One boy was left behind in Bangalore to stay with friends; other-

wise the whole party arrived in Madras safe and sound, having covered over 1000 miles and collected a delightful bunch of memories the recollection of which will be a source of delight for many years to come. It is somewhat interesting to note that this party consisted of 15 members, it being the 15th tour of the Eversleigh Scout Troop.

Thank you. It is difficult to know where to begin. Everyone was so kind. The butlers at Chittoor and Seringapatam seem almost like old friends. Then the kind missionaries at Montauban where like little Tommy Tucker of old we sang for our supper one Sunday night—and those at Eckford and Mavalli who gave us tea. Then the friends on the mines, old and new—Mr. Bury, the Principal of Breeks, and Mr. Smith of St. George's Home for his very generous hospitality—Mr. Whittle for the happy time spent on his estate, not forgetting the leeches—to Mr. Pereira and his mother at Kotagiri—to Messrs. Redwood and Wilcox for the use of Clarence Hall, and Dr. Marrett for the use of the Union Gospel Hall—to the Rovers at Sivasamudram for their great kindness—to the Mysore State Rovers for the sumptuous tea they entertained us to the night before we left for Bangalore—to these and many more we say a hearty " Thank You ".

SCOUT TOUR PARTY 1934

Skipper: F. Howard Oakley.

Assistant: M. Edmonds.

Burrawangas.

D. B. Peters.
S. E. Heynes.
J. Reid.
M. Dadhabhoy.
E. Duckworth.
L. Ricketts.

Wankitakas.

Noel Weston.
E. Latimer.
C. Rama Rao.
V. Heynes.
T. Duckworth.
W. Halge.
R. Augustus.

ANNIVERSARY 1935

Saturday, 13th April 1935 was a gala day for the Eversleigh Boys Club which celebrated its 19th anniversary with the presentation of Boy Scout and Wolf Cub badges and a lively camp fire concert.

Included in the large gathering of visitors and members of the Club were Mr. and Mrs. E. H. M. Bower, the Rev. P. C. Kerslake, Mr. E. J. M. Wyld, Mrs. H. C. Papworth, Miss Oakley and Major C. B. Oakley.

The proceedings opened with a rally of Cubs and Scouts when a number of badges was distributed. Indoor and outdoor games and competitions were entered into with enthusiasm by the visitors, while an exhibition of paintings, consisting of some 260 pictures by the President of the club were on view inside the Club.

A display of films showing the activities of the Club and the Doveton-Corrie Prize Distribution was given by Mr. F. H. Oakley.

The final section of the programme opened with the Club Anthem rendered by the choir, after which the President offered a prayer of Thanksgiving. In a short speech he mentioned that the development with regard to the resident section of the Club was the opening of a separate room for the old boys of St. Georges Homes, Ketti. These had been absorbed in different business houses in the city. He added that of 17 residents of the Club, they had seven old St. Georgians.

Several guests and members contributed to the music programme. The singing of the famous song " Oh No John " by Mrs. Papworth was rendered excellently, and was encored. Both her numbers were greatly appreciated. Mr. A. L. Vander Holdt selected as his violin solo " Love's Joy " by Kreisler. The next a song by the Rev. R. W. Young was also appreciated.

The camp fire took the form of a Red Indian display. In addition to the usual yells, a display of rope spinning was given by Scout Noel Weston. A new feature was fire club swinging by scouts E. Heynes and S. Singh.

" Good night Ladies " first whistled, then hummed and then sung by the scouts, was followed by the Scouts Good Night and the famous American Red Indian prayer Wak-en-dar-dhe dhu which translated into English reads, " Lord thy needy one stands before Thee, I that speak to Thee am he."

Following the National Anthem sung by the Scouts, Mr. Oakley thanked the numerous speakers at the Tuesday Meetings, making special reference to the work rendered by Scoutmaster Gerald Fewkes and the Assistant Scoutmaster Malcolm Edmonds, Hon. Secretary of the Club.

—*Madras Mail.*

THANKSGIVING SERVICE

A Service was held on the Sunday following the Club Anniversary to thank God for the benefits received during the past 19 years.

The form of Service was as follows.

Hymn. O God our Help in ages past.

Opening Prayers were led by

N. Weston (Thanks for the Past)	J. Jenkins (Praise for Home Life)	J. Peters (For the Future)

Hymn. Praise My Soul the King of Heaven.

A special form of Thanksgiving was led by G. Fewkes.

"Let us thank Almighty God for all the benefits we have received through His Divine Mercy"—*Response.*—"We thank Thee Lord."

For Eversleigh and all its Christian ideals.

For the activities of this Club (The Bible Class, The Tuesday Meetings and the Eversleigh Prayer Group).

For the founder of Eversleigh and the many years of service he has rendered to the boys of our Community.

For the unity and happy fellowship of this Club.

For those of our members who have gone before—Charles Jeffries, Cecil Coombes, Rollo Price, Vere Bamford, Gotlobs Nagel and Bruce Lewin, whose lives have been an example to us.

For the 19 Years it hath pleased Thee to keep this Club in existence.

For the Eversleigh Scout Group (Scouts and Cubs).

For the Chief Scout, Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell, and scouting in general.

For all other institutions, movements and Societies formed for the uplift of the Boys and Youths of this world.

For the manifold blessings we have received through Thy Divine Mercy.

Lesson. Psalm iii. Read by D. Pharoah.
Scout Law. Led by M. Edmonds.

Address. Mr. F. H. Oakley. *Subject.* Romans xii.

Hymn. Now thank we all Our God. The Blessing.

SPORTS OF 1935

Again this year, we were kindly granted the use of the Doveton Corrie grounds for our sports held on 23rd March. The attendance of friends was even better than last year and the programme consisted of 15 events—7 senior, 5 junior and 3 open. Once again the Club Senior Championship was won by S. F. D'Costa with 20 points. He was however given a very good running by G. M. Taylor with 16 and Michael Moore with 14. The Dark Blues took all before them in the Senior Division winning 56 points out of 67 points. However, the Junior Light Blues retrieved the situation to a considerable extent and won 44 points out of 56. The Junior Championship was also won for the second year in succession by E. Christian with 15 points, French running him close with 13.

The Club Championship was won by the Dark Blues with 73 points as against the Light Blues 60.

The tug-of-war was also won by the Dark Blues for the first time since the institution of the Sports.

At the close of the proceedings the cups and shields were presented to the winners and captain by Mrs. Elliot Miller.

CLUB SPORTS, 1935.

100 Yards—Seniors	Points.
1. S. F. D'Costa (D.B.)	5
2. G. M. Taylor (D.B.)	3
3. M. Moore (D.B.)	2
4. G. D. Fewkes (L.B.)	1
High Jump—Seniors.	
1. S. F. D'Sosta (D.B.)	5
2. M. Moore (D.B.)	3
3. E. Wilkinson (D.B.)	2
4. W. Cresswell (L.B.)	1
120 Yards Hurdles—Seniors.	
1. S. F. D'Costa (D.B.)	5
2. G. M. Taylor (D.B.)	3
3. H. Cresswell (L.B.)	2
4. S. Arathoon (L.B.)	1
Sack Fight. Light Blues vs. Dark Blues.	
1. G. D. Fewkes (L.B)	1
2. E. Christian (L.B.)	1
100 Yards—Juniors.	
1. S. French (L.B.)	5
2. E. Christian (L.B.)	3
3. K. Kuriyan (D.B.)	2
4. S. Singh (L.B.)	1
High Jump—Juniors.	
1. K. Ramachandra (L.B.)	5
2. D. Peters (D.B.)	3
3. C. Rama Rao (D.B.)	2
4. V. Heynes (L.B.)	1

440 Yards—Seniors

	Points
1. G. M. Taylor (D.B.)	5
2. S. F. D'Costa (D.B.)	3
3. M. Moore (D.B.):	2
4. S. Arathoon (L.B.)	1

Relay Race—Seniors (4x220 Yds.)

1. Dark Blues	5
2. Light Blues	0

Half Mile (Open).

1. G. M. Taylor (D.B.)	5
2. R. A. Garson (D.B.)	3
3. M. Moore (D.B.)	1
4. S. Arathoon (L.B.)	1

Shot Put. Seniors.

1. M. Moore (D.B.)	5
2. W. Cresswell (L.B.)	3
3. S. F. D'Costa (D.B.)	2
4. R. C. Hart (D.B.)	1

220 Yards. Juniors.

1. S. French (L.B.)	5
2. E. Christian (L.B.)	3
3. S. Singh (L.B.)	2
4. K. Kurian (D.B.)	1

Throwing the Cricket Ball. Juniors.

1. E. Christian (L.B.)	5
2. S. French (L.B.)	3
3. V. Heynes (L.B.)	2
4. D. Peters (D.B.)	1

Hop, Step and Jump—Juniors.

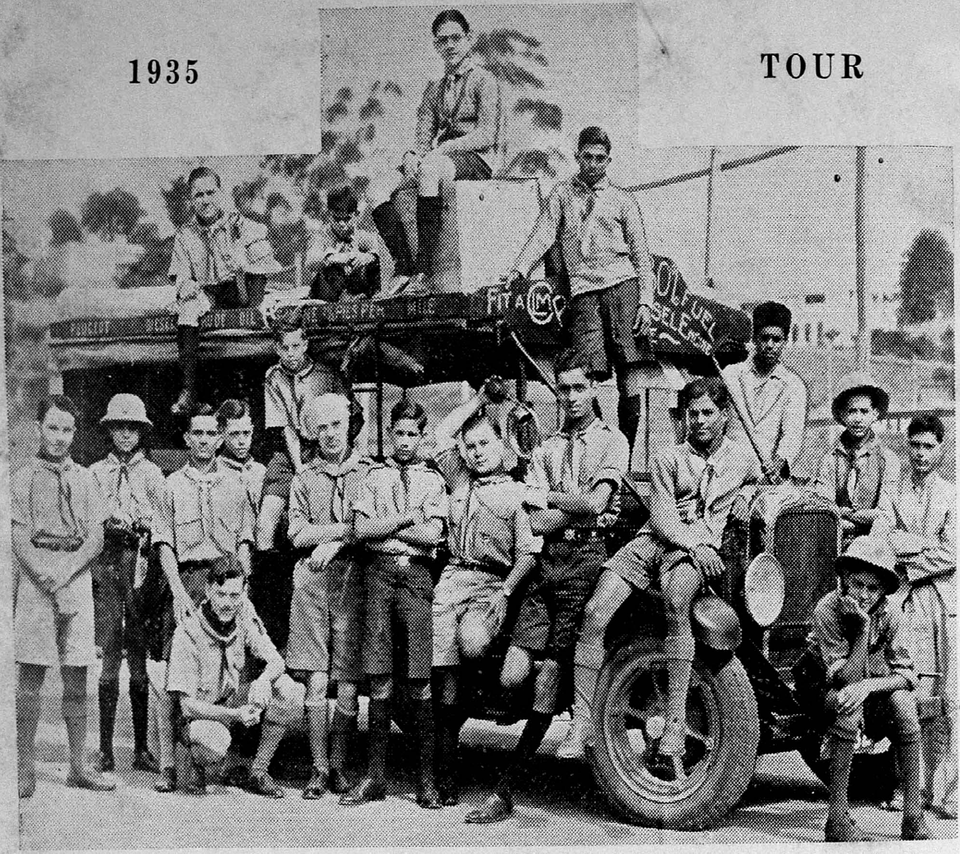
1. K. Ramachandra (L.B.)	5
2. E. Christian (L.B.)	3
3. C. Rama Rao (D.B.)	2
4. D. Peters (D.B.)	1

Relay Race.—Juniors (4x220 Yds.)

1. Light Blues	5
2. Dark Blues	0

Club Championship	*Senior*	S. F. D'Costa
" "	*Junior*	E. Christian
Championship	*Dark Blues*	73 points
Tug-of-war	*Dark Blues.*	

NILGIRI 1935 TOUR



THE TOUR PARTY.

J. Reid,
L. Ricketts, W. Halge, V. Heynes,
A. Thurley,
E. Latimer, E. Duckworth, R. Agustus, Rama Rao, D. Peters,
E Christian, M. Edmonds, " Uncle ", E. Ricketts, E. Heynes, T. Duckworth,
G. Fewkes.

" TOURITIS "

This disease has almost become endemic in the early part of each year in the Eversleigh Boys' Club. About the end of March of this year one member of the Club showed very distinct symptoms of a severe attack and before long it was realised that the complaint was to be in a very catching form. As a rule its attacks are confined to those Scout age or over but this year two cubs, one under 11 years of age were found to be infected, one was cured at home the other took the usual cure of three weeks' treatment. The cure for the complaint is a very obvious one but the trouble is that each cure seems to have the effect of ensuring another severe attack of " Touritis " about a year later.

Is there going to be a tour ? This was the burning question of the hour for many days, then that being decided 'when' and 'where' were the next points. Leave from office and household rearrangements had to be made and an itineray was fixed up with great difficulty as it was found that almost all wanted to adopt the same cure as last year and as a new place has been added for several years it made the number of places to be visited almost too much for the time at disposal. But the biggest problem of all not when and where, but HOW ? Concerts, Exhibitions and Camp Fire Programmes have not been very successful in recent years whereas Rs. 5/600 from one concert 15 years ago was not very unusual. Now Rs. 50 or Rs. 60 is quite good so that some other means must be found and printing and colouring Lantern slides and photo printing for troop funds was resorted to so that after many midnight hours on the part of some of the troop it seemed that the " HOW " would be solved provided a little extra was made up by parents and a few displays on the tour.

Great was the rejoicing when it was found that the Peugot Diesel Bus which had taken the last annual parties had actually come from Bangalore to take this year's party.

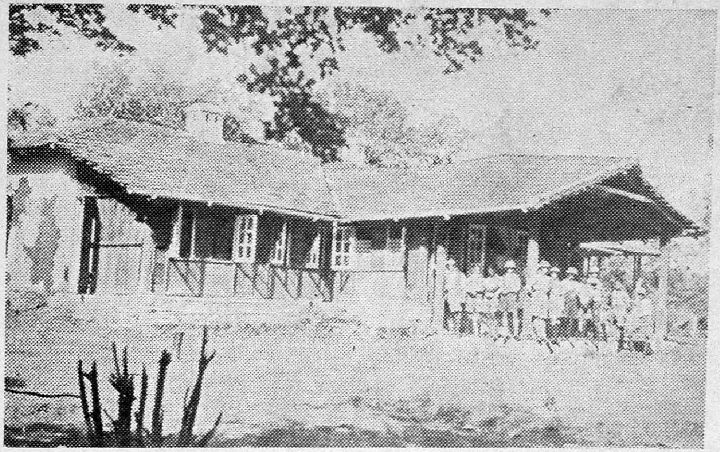
A day's delay after everything was packed, for replacement of tyres was a rather trying prelude but a lively crowd of 17 left Madras at 7 p.m. It was a lovely night almost full moon. The first halt was made at Sriperumbadur where between 8-30 and 9 o'clock coffee was indulged in. Ranipet Traveller's Bungalow was reached about midnight and soon the beddings were out on the verandah and almost everyone was dreaming of the good times to come.

An early start made it possible to reach Bangalore in the afternoon where a halt was made for 24 hours. On our way into Bangalore we ran

into a sand storm of such intensity that we had to actually stop the bus as for a short time we could not see above a yard ahead, this was followed by a slight fall of rain.

Leaving Bangalore about 6-15 p.m. we reached Seringapatam about 11 o'clock and after a good supper and hot cocoa all turned in on the verandah of the T.B. as usual.

An early start was made for our next objective, namely the Seegay Sisel Fibre Estate near Mercara in Coorg. It proved a very delightful run and the Estate was found to be in the midst of a most picturesque forest. A bath in the tank was followed by a good supper and a wander round the ground. A short excursion into the forest provided all the thrills of being lost in the forest as for a short time we missed the track and were only able to find our way back by following the bank of the river we had crossed near the Fibre Press Works. The jungle was very thick and difficult to negotiate and it was getting dark and this coupled with the fact that the place was infested with wild elephants ensured the thirlls of forest life, whether any of the party were really scared or not we do not know, but everyone knew from unmistakable traces that elephants were there in large numbers. The Scout drum and tin pots taken to accompany their trumpetings were so freely used that none of the party saw a single elephant, absolutely fresh traces and crashes through the jungle were all that were seen and heard. It had been hoped we should have heard some trumpeting by the elephants as we had a drum for accompaniment but somehow the elephants would not join our orchestra. There was another delightful swim in the river the following morning and a long trek in the jungle in the afternoon past a series of elephant pits and up one of the fire band clearances, these excursions filled the major part of the second day on the Estate, the finale was a glorious bonfire the flames of which rose some 30 feet high. Leaving, about 9 o'clock the following morning, many of us very reluctantly, we reached Mysore in the afternoon and the Sinduvalli Chrome Mines about 5 o'clock a most enjoyable swim in the tank was indulged in and after a good night's rest we made an early start for Ooty, visiting the Tippukadu Elephant Camp and Mr. Whittle's Tea Estate on the way. At the Elephant camp we found quite a number of recent captures including a somewhat lively lady who had her 10 days' old baby, elephant with her in the cage, we understand the infant was born in the cage after its mother had been captured. Reaching Ooty about 4 o'clock after a wonderful run up the ghat we put up in the Wills Hall of the Y.M.C.A. As there was a meeting on and no definite cooking facilities we retired to a local Indian Hotel reputed to be the best in Ooty and all enjoyed an Indian meal in Indian style. No



THE BUNGALOW AT SEEGAY.

washing up of plates or knives, spoons or forks much to the joy of the duty patrol.

While in the forests strong desire had been expressed that the pace should be speeded up in order that we might be present at the Breeks' sports, and the day after our arrival we found ourselves watching a very lengthy programme of events. The final obstacle race was especially enjoyed. The fun in this as usual in such events was on the onlookers' part.

The day following Thursday, 23rd May, the party left for Lovedale for "Band evening" at the Lawrence Memorial School and quite enjoyed the trip.

The following day we joined the Scouts at Ketti in a trek over Dodabetta from Ooty to Ketti and in the evening after a delightful supper which all enjoyed we gave an entertainment in the Main Hall. We had a rousing reception and a thoroughly appreciative audience.

The night we spent in the Hospital of the Homes a hospitality greatly appreciated and now associated with many happy memories of previous visits.

Saturday, 25th May had two joys, one the Flower Show at Ooty, the finest we had ever seen, and then tea at Davis' and annual institution of pleasant memories. A kind friend entertained us on this occasion.

Sunday and Monday were two busy days as we gave two Lantern Lectures and one Camp Fire in the Will's Hall. The Hall was crowded and on the Second day people began to arrive an hour before time and many who came near the time went away through lack of room. Tuesday of course was the busy Shandy day sending parcels of fruit to friends and relatives on the plains.

The stay in Ooty had been most enjoyable and the weather perfect. The use of the Y.M.C.A. Hall for sleeping was much appreciated. The chief trouble however was the scarcity of the water supply and much time was spent chasing with pots and pans from tap to tap to get a few drops of water as and when it flowed, one of our sparetime activities being instructions in the gentle art of bathing in a tea cup. One lesson we all learned was the importance of looking well to your water supply when camping.

Our return journey began at 10 o'clock on Wednesday 29th. We were advised by Mr. George Oakes that the Segur Ghat was now quite good and that our bus would do it easily and we should save 20 miles. As a matter of fact we felt the saving was dearly purchased as we had to reverse at

almost every hair-pin-corner and at one twice over and their number is great, as some of these we were told had a gradient of ¼ it will be realised it was something of a nerve racking experience for the driver. As we travelled down the Ghat we recalled the experience of 10 cyclists who did it to the accompaniment of many sprawls several years ago and of a hike in the dark over those forest roads when the not very distant roar of tigers stirred us to our depths.

Arriving safely at Tippukadu we found a party of eight people stranded waiting for the buses for Ooty which arrived full, as one of the party had been thrown and would find travelling by jutka difficult it was resolved to send them to Gudalur in our bus while we waited. It was a disappointment to those who had been calculating on a long afternoon swim at Sinduvalli but 5 of the party substituted a swim in the river for this and seemed to enjoy it greatly.

Arriving at Sinduvalli at 9 o'clock at night we all turned in. In the morning some went down the Chrome mines, others swam in the tank and then we left for Mysore visiting the Zoo, Royal Stables and Garage. Seringapatam was reached at dusk and while the main party went to the T.B. to arrange for the night, those who had never been to Seringapatam before visited the sites of interest. It was pitch dark before we finished and the exploration of both the underground dungeons by match light to the running accompaniment of gory stories of the past was an experience four of the scouts are not likely to be soon forgotten.

Saturday evening found us at Whitefield. We hoped to arrive at 12 o'clock and unfortunately were not able to do so till 5.30. We were to have given a secular programme and Camp Fire but as it was feared that our Camp Fire might injure the newly painted Hall! this had to be abandoned and instead we gave a Lantern and Cine Display of Palestine in the Local Church and after dinner gave a film of Canada and the Camp Fire programme in the compound of one of our hosts Mr. Schunker. Sunday the 2nd was a delightfully quiet day, a short service in morning, Sunday School in afternoon, and Lantern Service of Palestine in evening. Delay in arrival of electric current supply necessitated ¾ of an hour being filled with singing by the boys in which we were assisted by two old members of the troop both now married men. After three weeks of the rough and tumble travel the two days at Whitefield were most welcome. It reminded some of us of our experience in Narlapettia, Ceylon, where, when the troop arrived at the station we were informed we were to be billetted on the people of the place and what a time we had. Here however our hosts were only two, nine of the party were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Schunker and 5 of Mrs. Thurley it was a good time and greatly enjoyed—many thanks kind hosts.

Leaving Whitefield very regretfully, we reached the Kolar Gold Fields about 12-30 proceeded down the Edgar shaft of the Mysore Mine. The trip down to 741 feet below sea level was a novel experience and after seeing the workers come up in the cages from the lower workings packed like sardines in a tin we had no expression of anxiety to become miners.

The journey to Madras was marked by the single puncture of the trip caused by a bullock shoe which involved roadside repairs in the hottest part of the day and another sand storm 40 miles out of Madras. The last hours of the journey were almost the liveliest and merriest of many merry hours.

Thus ended yet another dose of travel calculated to cure the most obstinate attacks of "Touritis" at least till the next time!

Each trip has afforded a new group of memories—incidents with boys now married men in various parts of the world told and retold. What most of us need for our holidays is not so much rest as change of work and environment; the joy of sharing joys with others increases with the number who share and such a holiday as this is strongly recommended to any who want a complete change.

1935 TOUR PARTY

Skipper: F. Howard Oakley.

Assistants: G. Fewkes, M. Edmonds, E. Ricketts.

Burawangas.	*Wankitakas.*
Peters. D. B.	Christian, E.
Heynes, E.	Latimer, E.
Duckworth, E.	Rama Rao, C.
Heynes, V.	Augustus, A.
Reid, J.	Duckworth, T.
Thurley, A.	Halge, W.
Rickett, L.	

A REVIEW OF EVERSLEIGH SCOUTING

FOR THE YEARS 1931—1935

Scouting in Eversleigh during the years under review has had its difficulties and the Troop has seen many changes.

On the departure of Mr. Oakley to England in 1931, Reginald McDermott officiated as S.M.—The strength of the troop was very poor but activities still continued—the chief event for that year was the usual Scout Tour to the Nilgiris—it was no easy task to run that tour and for a time, owing to many difficulties, it seemed that the idea must be abandoned—It was the sheer determination of the S.M. (Reg. Mac.) that enabled the boys to go on a tour—it is needless to say that the boys had a very happy time and the tour was a great success (which tour is not ?)

1932. Owing to his having to live out at Pallavaram R. McDermott resigned his office as S.M. The Rev. Mr. D. W. Wolfenden, then residing at Eversleigh, was asked to run the troop, which he did gladly. He was assisted by Malcolm Edmonds and Gerald Fewkes who acted as Assistant Scoutmasters. It was a great recruiting period—within a month we were able to have four complete patrols—this meant a fresh start of Tenderfoot work. The chief event of this year was the return of Mr. Oakley from his world tour—Mr. Wolfenden had left prior to the return of Mr. Oakley and we take this opportunity of thanking him for the services rendered to the troop.

1933. Mr. Oakley, on his return, was unable to take such an active part in the troop as he has done previously, but was willing to offer any assistance to the Scouters in charge. A tour to the Nilgiris was organised—and the Scouts had a most enjoyable time under the leadership of the late Dr. Bruce Lewin.

Mr. J. S. Wilson, Camp Chief of Gilwell stayed at Eversleigh during his visit to Madras—a dinner was held at Eversleigh in honour of the Camp Chief. Prominent Scouters of Madras were present and the Scouts were in attendance.

1934. Progress for the year was slow—the troop was by now a Second Class one. A Scout Tour to the Nilgiris was conducted by Mr. F. H. Oakley. Details of this tour will be found elsewhere in this issue.

1935. I am very glad to say that this year looks like a year of great progress—there are quite a number of Scouts who are keen on being 1st Class Scouts. In this respect Noel Weston has led the way. He is the

first 1st Class Scout the Troop has had for many years, he also becomes the possessor of the Third Grade All round Cord and has been made the Troop Leader. The Stag Patrol and their Patrol Leader Homi Dorabji are to be congratulated for the progress made during this year.

It is hoped that the next Season will see Eversleigh a 1st Class Troop, striving to obtain the King Scout.

G. D. F.

1935

Ag. Group Scout Master :—
F. Howard Oakley

Scout Master :—
Gerald D. Fewkes.

Asst. Scout Master :—
Malcolm D. Edmonds.

Troop Leader :—
Noel Weston.

STAGS	OWLS	BEARS	WOLVES
Patrol Leader	*Patrol Leader*	*Patrol Leader*	*Patrol Leader*
H. Dorabji	A. M. Martin	E. Christian	D. Peters
E. Heynes *2nd*	W. Carr *2nd*	W. Jansen *2nd*	E. Latimer *2nd*
K. Ramachandra	S. French	E. Duckworth	L. Ricketts
C. Rama Rao	T. Duckworth	G. King	J. Reid
V. Heynes	D. Augustus		M. Dadhabhoy.
S. Singh	A. Thurley		

PACK ! PACK ! PACK !.

And a hearty yell comes answering back " Pack " ! Hurrying feet and twelve cheery-looking cubs form the Council Circle—down on their haunches the 'Grand Howl' is howled in earnest—Listen to the Chief Sixer, his clear voice giving the " Dyb, Dyb, Dyb, Dyb " and the answer comes back from the waiting pack " We'll Dob, Dob, Dob, Dob " and with a lusty " WOOF " they lunge forward, trying to give Akela a dig in the ribs !

You, reader, does such a scene mean anything to you ? to me it is brimful with memories, names, scenes, familiar faces,—I slip back 15 years when the first pack of these strange beings called " Cubs " made it's appearance in Eversleigh. Oh the hunting was good those days—Herbert Clay, Mrs. Hodson, " Gerry " Browne, Reg. MacDermott, George Eling, Akelas all who led the pack in formers years.

For many years we have been without a pack, and it was a Red Letter day in the life of one who had hunted with the pack since it's conception, to invest those 12 eager youngsters as Wolf Cubs—the new pack is one year old and it is hoped that not before long we shall have many 2nd star cubs. This year the pack entered for the Annual Association Cub competition and did very creditably coming third. One of the items was 'playacting,' the cubs acted the story of the " Good Samaritan " and though unable to complete the play in the time alloted they obtained a second place for this item. The pack was very sorry to lose one of it's Sixers " Grey Brother " known by those queer beings called men as George King. He has left them to hunt with the man pack—we wish him success in his new quest. We of the pack cannot go with him we must leave him at the end of the jungle gazing at the new trail before him, the trail of possibilities and opportunities—the trail of Scouting.

We must go back to our dens, our jungle dances and our hunting till we become " full blown " cubs.

And once more the stillness of the jungle of Eversleigh is broken by a terrific Grand Howl.

" Good Hunting Pack."

" AKELA."

WORDS AND THEIR MEANINGS

(Extracts from the E.B.C. Dictionary.)

Anniversary.—The occasion for many heart flutters.

Billiard Table.—Originally meant for seniors only but always monopolised by juniors.

Billiards.—a ripping game for two players but generally played by four or six.

Billiard Ball.—An irregular-shaped sphere used in "Billiards" (See above.) The object of the player is to strike the ball with a Billiard Cue (See below) in order to make it bounce off the table and gyrate on the floor.

Billiard Cue.—A tapering stick the thinner end of which is vigorously 'chalked' (see below) to enable a player to make an accurate rent in the billiard cloth. Other uses—Fencing, Pole Vault and Bandicoot hunting.

Chalking—or the art of chalking a billiard cue. Place striking end of cue against wall, grasp the other end between flattened palms of the hands, then move hands up and down alternately so as to give a vigorous twisting motion. This ensures good play.

Borrow.—To use for a while, then keep for ever. Specially pertaining to cycle lamps.

Cubs.—Small diminutive beings to be found all over the Club. Habits: hiding behind bushes and lurking under tables. Ideas: A jolly good rag. Battle Cry: Rough House.

Bagheera.—Normally to be found with the above mentioned cubs. Has a nasty habit of enjoying the fun.

Dark Blues.—The best in the Club.

Light Blues.—The best in the Club.

Girlitis.—A chronic disease of the heart. *Symptoms:*—Excessively-greased hair, choking collars, arched neckties, a bashful look and a blush on the face.

Scout.—Ping pong enthusiasts who have a passion for playing this game at the unearthly hour of 6.30 a.m. on Saturdays.

S. M.—Silly Mut.

Secretary.—A most annoying person on a Tuesday. Lurks in the shadows, grips your arm and mutters "Meeting's started."

Treasurer.—An outcast. One to be avoided.

Tour.—See Ooty.

Ooty.—See Tour.

Tuesday's Meetings.—The cause of much brain worry trying to event an 'excuse.'

Uncle's Study.—A rendezvous for Cubs and Scouts.

OUR ADVERTISEMENT AND NOTICE COLUMN

FOR SALE

ONE 5TH HAND DRESSING GOWN.—Guaranteed to rival 'the coat of many colours', wearer cannot wear it any more—What offers?

Telegraph: 'WILKY.'

* * * * *

ONE PAIR HOMING PIGEONS. So homely they will not even fly. Rs. 3 or near offer. Bring your own basket when taking delivery. Address: 'BUDDY', Bird Fancier.

* * * * *

TOWELS THAT WILL CLING TO ANY WAIST. Proved and tested. Wholesale Rs. 6 a dozen. Retail As. 8 each. Call and ask for a demonstration. 'SANDY & SANDY.'

"Deshabille Specialists."

* * * * *

VACUUM RUBBER FOR BODY BUILDING. A boon to the corpulent. Apply in Person—Signor Don Faro.

* * * * *

ONE WOLSLEY CAR. Perfect running order. The last time it was parked on the Mount Road the policeman on duty asked the chauffer if he had reported the accident. What offer?

* * * * *

WANTED.—A Treasurer who will not remind us of our Subs.

* * * * *

FOR HIRE.—One Scout, lanky, tall and skinny, can be utilised for a flagstaff. Offer open only to Scout Troops. Apply 'RAMA.' Terms: Grub *ad. lib.*

* * * * *

RESIDENTIAL MEMBERS are hereby notified that in the precints of Eversleigh walks a 'Bandicoot' whose capacity for food is boundless. Will eat anything from a stale piece of bread to a ten course dinner. Any member seeing him munching is requested to ring his neck and tap him twice on the knuckles.

* * * * *

MEMBERS BEWARE! In the jungle of Eversleigh roam a pack of ferocious beings called Cubs. Their grubby paws delight to make sport of the most spotless attire. Members are therefore warned that they enter the premises at their own risks and cannot hold the Club authorities responsible for any damage done to their person.

A JAUNT TO THE HARVEST

August 15th 1927 found me at a loose end at Vancouver. I had just come in from a logging camp and not wishing to go out for another for a while, I decided to go to the harvest on the praries.

Accordingly I bought a ticket to Regine in Saskatchewan, and after travelling for 2 days and 3 nights arrived there at eight in the night. Next morning I sallied forth to the employment office, there was no trouble in getting a place, in fact men are always seen here during this time, and was sent to a farmer by the name of Johnson in a small town called Tyvan.

After working for him for two days he wanted me to do the morning and evening chores for the same wage, so I left him and went to work with another farmer by the name of MacDonald.

MacDonald was a University man, and already had three men working for him. One was an American from Chicago and the other two were from Toronto.

The American later told me that his (the American's) business was rum running, and that he was taking in the harvest to get some money to enable him to buy a motor launch in which to run the grog across the river from Canada. He even offered to smuggle me across without any passport or emigratiion papers. I thanked him but declined his offer.

It was agreed that we should get $4.00 a day for stacking and $6.00 a day for threshing—including Board and Lodging—with the understanding that should wages go up, ours were also to up.

So we all set to and stacked the sheaves of grain from dawn to dark working from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. In a week we had his grain stacked, so went over to his brother's place which adjoined where we worked about ten days, and then on to a neighbour's for another week.

About this time there was a heavy rain storm further North, and a river which ran close by started to rise, a local farmer had a quarter square of land which was bounded on one side by this river. The grain was ripe and ready to cut,—so the whole neighbourhood—about thirty altogether was called out to help keep the place from flooding. We fought that rising water for a whole night but without success; it burst it's banks in the early morning and the whole of that farmer's quarter square mile of wheat was inundated.

By now our employer's grain was ready for threshing but before we could start on it snow fell and so held up work for two days.

The fall of snow made the farmers rather nervous about getting their grain in before Winter; so in consequence they raised the wages so as to attract more men. We were now to be paid $7·00 a day for threshing (including Board and Lodging).

We now had quite a good run of work, the weather while it threatened never actually stopped operations. The same procedure was followed as before, six days with our farmer, about eight with his brother and the same number with the neighbour.

It was at this last place that the weather started to get cold, and by the second day it started to freeze at nights. It got worse and worse until one morning at getting up at five, and going to the bucket of water to wash my face I found a crust of ice, a good ½ inch in thickness. This decided me, and so when we had cleaned up all the work, I collected my wages and took train back to Regine.

Wages had now gone up higher to between $9·00 and $10·00 a day, and I could have got more work if I wanted it—as the others did—but the warmer climate of the coast appealed to me more, and moreover I had only my thin clothes which were not suited to the cold weather.

From Regine I went to Moose Jaw and tried to ship with some live stock going to Vancouver, but had no luck. By going in charge of some live stock you don't have to pay any part, except your meals, which saves you quite a bit of money.

From Moose Jaw I went on to Calgary and managed to get a car load of hogs going to Vancouver. On boarding the train I found two others were in charge of some cattle and sheep respectively. This made me feel a little ashamed of myself for being in charge of mere pigs, but we all agreed later that pigs were the easiest and therefore the best to look after.

When we arrived at Kampools, a town half way between Calgary and Vancouver, these two fellows had to get their live stock out of the cars, and after watering them, drive them for four hours round the outskirts of the town as exercise, whereas I had only to hose down the pigs right in the car for about ten minutes, they of course squeeled and grunted, but that did not worry me, and for the rest of the time I had nothing to do.

Arriving in Vancouver, I handed over my car load to the owners and found myself once more at a loose end with about $200.00 (about Rs. 500) to the good, and with an offer to go out to another Logging Camp away up the British Columbia coast at $4.00 a day for the Winter.

EDWARD FARMER.

RESIDENT MEMBERS 1935.

P. Van Ross, R. Garson, D. Pharoah, E. Wilkinson, S. Eling, J. Jenkins, A. Stewart, M. Van Ross, F. Green, R. C. Hart, H. Cresswell, " Uncle ", W. Cresswell, H. MacDonald, R. Shaw, E. Hingert, A. Thurley, T. Halge.

THE WAIL OF ONE OF THE RESIDENTS

An admirer of beauty in common scenes will find that the brilliant sunrises and sunsets viewed from the overbridge alongside the Kirk afford enough subjects for the pen of the literary artist and the brush of the painter.

Passing over this point of vantage for beauty, an aimless wanderer one morning took a turning to the left and found himself admiring the beautiful clock of the Scotch Kirk, and ere his mind had drunk in the fulness of its ancient beauties he was warned by an indignant tram bell that he was in the path of that majestic vehicle. He immediately turned right and marched hastily, still in thought—he passed along wintry villas, in their modern grotesqueness, smart policemen yawning on duty and eventually found himself gazing wistfully at a black signboard—"Eversleigh Boys' Club."

Being a philosopher and a man whom the experience of 60 years had taught that Eternal Boyhood lives in every man, he betook himself within the noisy gates of the Club. He pondered! A Club! What is a Club! An institution, an association, a body of persons united by some common interest! What a convivial atmosphere. He sauntered in and then related to me this learned, interesting discourse—

The vast stretch of land that stood in front of this institution seemed to be delightfully neat. An amateur gardener, hard at work endeavoured to keep the beautiful greenery rich in natural beauty—the lovely pond at the side of the water tap was scrupulously clean and here, at least, I sighed, neither man nor animal washed his garments or himself! What cleanliness!

Within the Club it was very inspiring and interesting. A cycle stand stood within the shade of the roof and twenty cycles sparkling with cleanliness stood, while the little 'Chokra' in charge in dark and light blue livery scanned his work with such content that his very teeth shone with delight out of his ebony dial.

The gentlemen within the club were at breakfast! What a noble crowd! All gentlemen! This indeed was an ideal place! mild hearty jokes passed round and every face bore the look of content as he relished the morning delightful eggs and bacon! Each eye glistened as the porridge was relished and with one accord they remained in reverent silence at the thanksgiving. (Who said the prologue to the eggs and butter? Ed.) I visited the rooms later—what art could have brought such unity and conviviality, such an altruisan and content! such neatness and boyishness together!

The President himself is a boy not quite sure whether he is in his fifteens or fifties. Early in the morning, the hour for dreaming, rises—yes, often at 2-30 a.m. and paints his beauteous scenes, the thought of his poetic mind laid down through the medium of the brush—and what if it be a shaving brush ? Here is a character whose sense of " give " not " get " is his joy of life ; though often misunderstood he is generally loved and honoured by all the members —as for himself he loves them all and has all things in common with them. (All his things are common property to the members. Ed.) Such is the oldest ' boy ' in the Eversleigh Boys' Club.

The member next in age fulfils the purpose of housewife and matron of the establishment, for in this asylum, there are no women—indeed every member has been inoculated with the virus girlitis and so is immune from the disease, having already had it once in a mild form. This second member is a boy of thirty-five or thereabouts and mothers the younger members, and though he is often with a sharp retort, he is ever anxious that the younger boys should be happy—and what if he is envious ? Anxiety like hard work was never known to kill a man ! He is tender and loving especially at the commencement of the month when subscriptions are overdue, and bears and forbears even with the servant ' boys '. But alas he has his faults—his biggest being that he is tired of acting matron and mother—he is therefore contemplating that change of position usually following matrimony !

Our next honoured boy is one of those delightful persons who possess what we might gently call ' embonpoint '—he indeed makes an admirable centreforward for he carries all before him. This boy is a schoolmaster—a jovial, hearty schoolmaster ! a modern trained schoolmaster ! He lost a ring ! whether he lost a girl along with it or not we can but conjecture—he is a frequent visitor of the Q. M. C. and the Y. W. C. A. (Since when, another visitor ? Ed.) and—tell it not in the club—they say he has his eye focussing on a sweet little lass. There's something delightfully antique about this ' boy ' —he savours of ancient Egypt—he is uncommonly like the ' fat kine ' of Pharoah ! No, no, he is like Pharoah himself—the Pharoah that loved Joseph.

And Joseph ! Joseph stays next door to Pharoah and dreams his dreams alone in the watches of the night. He is a dreamer—and in his dreams he is accompanied by the saints Peter and more often Andrew ! But Joseph of old dwelt with a baker and a butler—this one has elected a tailor—this tailor is unique for he has given up his trade long long ago, and has taken to the sports field ! They say he has a host of cups—but it seems that he drinks only with his eyes, while she sings ' and I will drink with mine '.

But there arose another Pharoah—and this one is a brother of the previous Pharoah—and he knew not Joseph ! This Pharoah, they tell us, is

so immune from the aforementioned disease, that he is quite a lady's man. He has, it is whispered, an affectation of the lungs now, a slight cold perhaps, methinks it is due to the absorption of warmth by his heart—which is not now his own. (He left it at Arkonam. Ed.)

There's yet another pair of boys in this group! One is a doctor almost the last of all that noble train! He is an expert in shikari, the object of the chase is often a dear. (Who is Sylvia! What is she? Ed.) He oftentimes pushes the 'gnomon on his fiz' over the wall of the neighbouring villa and surprised a young woman who is being attended upon by a happy swain! His companion is likewise blessed with sharpness! indeed he is so sharp that though he has pierced a woman's heart he has always evaded their shafts, he lives often in the ancient and dreams oftener of a birthday morning bath (That's his annual. Ed.)—a chase in the compound—was that on his birthday too? or was he dressed for other purposes? He tells of tales of ancient Eversleigh and his Scotch blood rises and the clan McDonald stirs him as he advises the youths of to-day to beware of the dewy terrace.

The last and least of the doctors dwells in a room apart—he lives in the atmosphere of the kitchen and has the healthy river running from the kitchen away to join the silvery Cooum! This room invites all the noisiest of the clan—oftentimes the groanings and moanings are like to a cat in the pangs of death and what is it the worthy Pre. Reg. scraping his cat-gut! He styles himself Physiognomist—the irony lies in the fact that he would give up the subject were he to study his own—and that he hasn't. It is breathed that he visits Q. M. C. It is indeed surprising that a boy of religious learning should thus fall. (Oh! what a fall there was my countryman. Ed.)

The pen of the artist, the brush, the paint cannot describe the Club's jester. He is a strange freak of nature. Product of that school in Keti, he seems to have imbibed the characteristics of the Todas and Badagas. He can dance like them, and, like them, seldom bathes. In fact such a long time has elapsed since his last ablution that he can place a small object on any part of his face and there it remains. He is a combined salesman (with a prodigious memory, and can tell you the price of anything electrical) barber, lover and buffoon. He can trim a butler's whiskers to such a nicety that it can cause a revolution in the Club. He can play carrom with the most swan-necked of ladies and swear love to her and still be a buffoon. His most interesting adventure is a marathon which he ran from verandah to his bedroom—and only his Stuart ancestry prevents a more detailed description. He loves birds and animals and frequently visits aviaries and apiaries—he can sing the most mellow bass—if the choir keep serious. He is one of those creatures whom nature placed with a dual purpose to make men laugh and crows fly away! In his

wealthy apartments dwells a flowery musician and a printer. The former has visions of Mark Hamburg and sings like a lark! He is familiarly known as Porky boy but unlike his namesake is quite a good artist. I often think he must be painting his cheeks—but there his choice of colour is at fault—his chief characteristic is secrecy—and he often goes off on a quiet visit to Royapuram—presumably to see his brothers—but in reality he searches and hopes to find Miss Right! The printer's chief accomplishment is his giggle which is most musical and ranges from E. and D. He sleeps soundly except for an occasional murmur "Monica!"

It is in vain we search for exceptions to the rule which says that "like poles repel"—our thirteenth boy is a reminiscence of the Spring—is ever green and is known to have been very fresh. He naturally visits those cold regions, those snowy peaks and endeavours there to set a seed which will grow up into a tree of love—though why he does it in Tamil—even I cannot tell! His room companion is a very homely youth, whose heart's in the hills wherever he goes—and he continually sighs—being of a dreamy nature he is often to be seen at Addison's gate, dreamy and wistful, thinking of St. Georges and she . . . Is that bad grammar? With him is his friend with a past—and the consequence of that past is that his present is without hope—however he is now content to see his friend happy, and looks with a softened heart at his lost love. And he has a strong reminder of her in the boy who is in the room. This youth lives in the realm of change. He is interested today in his cycle, tomorrow in Radio, and the day after in the mirror, which is his intimate companion. (We bet he can see a joke. Ed.) and in admiring silvered glass he spends many a weary hour. He is an artist of no ordinary talent. He can sketch anything—even Shirley Temple. (Sometimes it is reported that even his clothing becomes sketchy. Ed.)

The seventh boy is a youth with quick eye and a ear for harmony—he had scarcely been three months in new surroundings when he chanced upon a name which can lull to sleep even the most troubled and tempest-tossed-lu-lu. Even a baby would be soon charmed! This is no wonder then that his room mate finds sleeping easy. The latter is a dreamy youth who loves the Central Provinces. He can always help you out of a difficulty when you find it hard to do justice to your meals.

Last and not least is the only schoolboy of the institute. Here we find a character rare indeed. He has knowledge beyond his years and 'has more understanding than all his teachers.' You will frequently find him painting—Photography is his craze. They say it is to be introduced into the curriculum for European Middle Schools. Here nature was at fault for he is a wonderful critic and can watch the other boys, as they joke and fence with words, and he can smile with a superior smile—indeed he is a modern schoolboy.

But that's not the end of the Club. There are boys and boys and the second set are boys whose sole object in life is honesty. Frequently the suspicious masters try to lose something but the boys are honest. They never touch anything with dishonest fingers, from a gold ring to a piece of elastic! The arrangement is so capable that order is always preserved. The servant boys never take undue advantage and are ever obedient. The members of the Club, to a boy, never complain. They are easily satisfied and too well-bred to complain openly. They never backbite or slander but are all friendly and brotherly. Yes, even though they know each other's faults they never tell—that would be sneakish. Indeed the Club is such a harmonious whole that it would be difficult to find so happy, so courteous, so carefree a Club—and it is all explained by the Eternal Boyhood that lives in every man.

(We note the Resident is anonymous. Is the choice of his title any clue and can we swallow all he says? Ed.).

FROM OLD EVERSLEIGHANS

1312, Barclay Street,
Vancouver B.C.
September 23rd 1933.

A month after I landed in Canada I got a job in an office and when I was asked my name I naturally said "Browne". No, they wanted my first name and thereafter I was known as Gerald. A week or so later a friend of mine phoned the office and asked to speak to Mr. Browne. He was told that there was nobody by that name in the office!

Well, to get down to business. Thanks for your letter of July 31st. I am delighted to know that the Eversleighan is to come to life again and I certainly look forward to receiving my copy. I wish it long life and prosperity. Congratulations on being appointed Editor. I had the pleasure of being Editor one year and am therefore in a position to sympathise with you.

I am sorry I will not have the time to send you an article on Canada in time for the 1933 edition and you will have to be content with a short message.

I take this opportunity of sending greetings to the Eversleighans scattered all over the globe and to the Club, the President F. Howard Oakley, its officers and present members. I extend my best wishes for a continuance of the good work of serving others and promoting a brotherly spirit among all men.

I do not know if it will ever be my luck to return to the Club on a visit but I would like to say that I did feel I was back in Eversleigh when Mr. Oakley came to Vancouver in the Winter of 1931 and many incidents of his short stay were reminiscent of the happy days of my active membership in the Club.

Good luck to you all,

Yours sincerely,
GERRY BROWNE.

Vancouver, B.C.
June 4th, 1933.

My Dear Mr. Oakley,

Our heartiest congratulations and warmest wishes for every success to you and the Eversleigh Syndicate, Ltd. It was very exciting and thrilling to read the accounts of the opening of the E. F. Store and of the celebration of Eversleigh's Seventeenth Anniversary. Floriat Eversleigh! I wish I

could have been present. I can, I am sure, picture the whole scene—Tea on the roof—have I not been present when tea was served to our guests on the roof. Have I not enjoyed the musical programme that followed.

It was only to-day that it happened. I was walking home from the park with Naomi and Peter. I had on a pair of grey flannels, a sweater and my blazer. A man passing by was looking—not in my face but a little lower down—at the badge on my top pocket. I guess he wondered what E.B.C. stood for and seeing the date 1916 he probably made a mental calculation that whatever it was, it began 17 years ago—and that's a long time! Noticing his interest, it drove my thoughts into past days of long ago when I was in Eversleigh. I thought of those happy days and of all the boys who helped to make them so enjoyable—of the Good Spirit of friendship and sportsmanship that was ever present in the Club and amongst the members and it looks to me as if Eversleigh is the same to-day in that respect as it was in my day...

January 30, 1935.

Many thanks for your letter of Dec. 20th which we all enjoyed. Copy of the *Mail* reached safely and we read the account of the Exhibition with great interest........... Boys may come and boys may go but the spirit of 'Help Others' still remains and I am sure will always remain in Eversleigh.........

I notice the *Mail* description of the Exhibition tried hard to sell your favourite "The Bow Wave." I wonder if it hangs on the wall of a Rajah's Palace to-day instead of where you would like it to be—Eversleigh! It reminds me of the many times I have sat in the forum of the Club and looked at the pictures on the walls; this thought is followed by another the enjoyable meetings, and thus I think of the boys at those meetings and so on and on like a movie picture, those happy days spent in Eversleigh pass before my mind's eye in clear focus.

I would be interested to hear about the Christmas Hampers. As you know this work is carried on by the two newspapers in Vancouver, *The Daily Province* and *The Daily Sun* and they receive a tremendous amount of help from the Radio Broadcasting Stations in the form of Radio auctions. The idea of the auction is this: Listeners phone in their bids for any particular artist to do a particular turn, sing a particular song for instance—You no doubt remember the pleasant voice of the News Announcer who always began the days news with "Good-evening" and finished up as follows: "We wish all our listners on land, on the sea, and in lighthouses a very pleasant evening." This particular announcer was a great favourite at the Radio Auctions and received many bids to say "Good-evening."

And now for some news of Vancouver and ourselves. It wont be long before the winter will be over and nobody will be sorry when spring arrives

for the winter of 1934-35 will go down in the history of Vancouver and B.C. About the middle of this month it began to get very cold and on the 19th the temperature in parts of the city fell to zero and we knew it. It was a big fight that we had to put up to keep our homes warm and many people gave up the struggle and took rooms in hotels; it was said that while it would be colder on the prairies it felt colder on the coast on account of the humidity and prairie-ites said they would rather be home than in Vancouver when zero weather prevailed; however the next day it began snowing and the temperature began to rise rapidly but the snow storm developed into a blizzard to the surprise of everyone and for the first time in a good many years we were literally snowed under; as a result traffic came to a dead stop and as a thaw set in almost immediately the snow got heavy and hard and this made the streets impassable. I shall never forget my experience of trying to get down to Water Street at 7-30. The snow was about two feet in our yard and it was no easy task breaking trail to the side walk where however trail had been broken by the gallant newspaper boy. When I got to Robson street where I hoped to jump into a street car I almost laughed. Not only were street cars not to be seen but their tracks were missing. The odd powerful automobile had made one or two pairs of paths and there were streams of people walking on these paths. The following are a few headlines from the *Province*:

> "BLIZZARD PARALYSES ALL IN B. C."
>
> "VANCOUVER WALKS TO WORK AS SNOW BLOCKS STREET; VALLEY CITIES MAROONED."
>
> "SEVENTEEN AND HALF INCHES FALL IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS."
>
> "SEVERAL BUILDINGS DAMAGED UNDER WEIGHT OF SNOW."

It described the scene I tried to describe above as follows: "It was a sad procession which filed along the residential streets as citizens made their way toward their businesses. Walking gingerly in car ruts, they would be forced out into the deep, wet snow when the occasional auto came along. To see the black figures strung out along the snowy wastes give an impression of a trek of exiles in Siberia."

Not everyone was able to walk to work, in fact so few were down town that many stores did not open and the big stores like Hudsons Bay, Spencers and Woodwards closed early in the afternoon. We closed soon after one o'clock. Our warehouse looked like a laundry with clothes hung up to dry. For two days I had to buy the bread down town as no deliveries of bread or milk could be made in residential sections. During the cold spell our milk froze solid and vegetables in the cooler in the kitchen were touched by frost

and had to be thrown out. Our troubles were nothing compared to what people in the Fraser Valley had to suffer; they were cut off by floods and were marooned and were threatened with food shortage. The Railways had their troubles; their trains were tied up en route and they did not know where they were. The passengers, however, made a lot of fun out of the situation; they were cut off entirely and missed their daily newspaper so they published their own on the train. The C. P. R. not only had the job of finding their trains but had their work cut out repairing the track which was washed away in several places through floods and slides.

After all it amounted to only two weeks of very bad weather, the rest of the winter has been fairly mild and at the time of writing we are having excellent weather and looking forward to an early spring, in spite of the fact that the ground-hog came out on Feb. 2nd., saw its shadow and returned to its hole for another six weeks. Crocusses are out and soon the daffodils will make their appearance.

Except for colds and coughs which seem almost impossible to avoid in the first two months of the year, we are keeping very good health. Peter has grown a lot this winter and has left babyhood far behind. He comes up to my belt in height. Mrs. Hodson is his teacher and he knows all his letters and can count up to a hundred and write figures up to fifty. I don't know if I have told you that he goes to an art school on Saturdays and enjoys it. Next February he will begin school and we feel sure he will do well. He has a good memory and can recite long pieces of poetry.

George is doing very well. He had a temporary job in the Income-tax Department but unfortunately there was recently a change in Government. Liberals ousted the Conservatives and the six men who were taken on during the regime of the Conservatives were not made permanent. However, he has landed a big job in the Canadian Credit Organisation and is hobnobbing with lawyers and heads of Financial Houses, speaking at dinners and lecturing in accountancy classes. He has a considerable amount of prestige owing to the fact that he is an English C.A. as well as a Canadian C.A.

Well, Mr. Oakley, I don't want to hold this letter up any longer, for if I do it will probably not reach you before you go on tour to the hills which will make it too late to be appreciated even to a little extent, so with all good wishes and kind regards,

I remain, yours sincerely,

GERRY BROWNE.

COLWYN BAY WALES,
5th February, 1936.

I went down to London last Tuesday for the funeral of the late King, and I must say I was very fortunate as I stayed with a friend of mine at Oxford Terrace, and I had such a lovely view of the procession, it was a wonderful sight. The place where I stayed has some private ground in front and only the people staying at Oxford Terrace were allowed on, so I was only about seven yards away from the road, and I had a paper with the order of all the people who followed, so I was able to tell exactly who was who; it was very impressive, a sight I shall never forget.

You must have read about the snow we had last month, well we have two good falls here, the first we have had for the last seventeen years! It was about a foot deep, and I must say I behaved like one of the school children (you always do! Ed.:) who I am sure enjoyed it as much as I did; I was the first out in the morning, and I started snow-balling them as they passed by, and, of course, I got what I asked for, but it was great fun, and I enjoyed every bit of it; they would all run up to me, and give it to me right down the neck—I did think of the fellows at Eversleigh and the fun we would have had if they were here.

....I got a letter from Mr. Young, he hopes to leave Liverpool, on the 14th, so he is coming up a day before to see me and spend a few happy hours together talking about the times when we were in Madras........

Yours sincerely
ERNIE (SATOOR.)

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL,
Jalapahar P.O.,
DARJEELING,
September 13, 1934.

My dear Mr. Oakley,

I daresay you will be greatly amazed at getting a letter from me after so many years, but the saying is that one only writes when something is wanted. I am not going to refute this because I really do want something from the old Club. Could you spare me one of those bound books of Mendelssohn's songs containing the canon, the "Lark's Song" in it? I am very anxious to get my choir to make it one of their items for this year's Singing Festival...........

How well I remember when we used to put on these same songs in the Museum Theatre and elsewhere, and I can assure you that hearing them again will recall some of the happiest memories of my life. The Sunday morning choir practices followed by those sumptuous "feeds" (if I may so term them) will all come back very vividly to me. (We still remember the loosening of your belt !—Ed.) I often think and talk about my days at Eversleigh.

I am very happy up here at the "topmost school on earth" with my wife and two mischievous sons—Derek and Geoffrey. Have been here for the past five years and have thoroughly relished every day of my work and play. I rank third on the list and am kept very busy with my scouts and Chapel Services. You will be glad to hear that we are regarded as the smartest troop in the District, though perhaps not the most efficient. We are 50 strong, and you will agree this is rather a large number to manage on one's own.

I wonder if you have ever visited Darjeeling and particularly St. Paul's. It's a glorious life up here at 7,400 ft, and if ever you find your way up these Himalayan Slopes be sure we shall look after you ; it's worth a visit only to see the gigantic Kinchenjunga overshadowing the School, and Mt. Everest further away.

Trusting this finds you quite well, and the Club going strong.

Yours very sincerely,
BERTIE COOMBES.

9, Ezra Mansions,
10, Government Palace, East, Calcutta,
21—6—1936.

To evoke memories of my youthful days spent very joyously among that inevitably large circle of Eversleighans, is no easy matter, especially after a lapse of such a considerable space of time. But while penning these few hurried lines I have been able to recall the eight happy years I spent at the Eversleigh Boys' Club to remember plainly that "Every Boys' Club" now a poignant memory, was then the birthplace of many a happy and contented scout and the home of many a carefree disposition.

I have often felt very diffident to give an honest appreciation of the entertainment and enjoyment Eversleigh has afforded me during my long stay first as a cub and then as a Scout. I have grasped the opportunity on receipt of the Post Card sent to me by the Scouts, presumably on the tour, for which I heartily thank you—to state explicitly with feelings the greatest

pride and pleasure that I do certainly appreciate your kind thoughts and my sincere yet surprising greetings are reciprocated to all Eversleigh.

It has been my good fortune for eight years to be associated with the interests of the best Club I have ever seen. Besides I have always felt that our S. M., dear old "UNCLE" an eager and devoted model of true leadership, and on every occasion set us all the most noble and inspiring example of public service, by his constant and abiding interest in the lives and fortunes of Scouts who will ever hereafter gratefully and loyally look up to him as their beloved Scout Master.

Once again as I look back on those years, there are one of two impressions which stand out in sharp outline.

Firstly it has always been pleasing to me to know that I had been admitted into such a great brotherhood, but perhaps, most noticeable was the welcome I received from members when I was first brought to the Club and introduced to the large circle of its members. This will forever remain vivid in my mind. Secondly and certainly the culminating wonder of my life amongst the Club members was that eventful day, when I was promoted from the rank of Cub to that of a Scout and planted in Gerry Fewkes' patrol. (Colin was one of the original members of the Wolf Patrol formed in 1927—Ed.) It seemed as if I were lifted from the unheard of depths of non-existance and placed upon a shining pedestal of everlasting glory—undoubtedly a poignant memory. And thirdly the ecstatic delight mingled with sorrow I felt on the day I was doomed to break away, materially only, from that great brotherhood—To leave behind only memories which have never faded.

These personal memories which were so dear to me will not fade but will grow more precious as the years pass.

With these recollections in mind I ask all Eversleighans to join together and gratefully thank God that above all things you have been endowed with a very commendable Club an eager clan of members, and an exceedingly cheerful President whose devoted guidance and care for the welfare of Eversleigh is wholly inexpressible.

COLIN VALIANT.

502, Fifth Avenue, Khargpur,
B. N. Ry. 8—8—1933.

As I cannot think of what to say in my letter to my old friends (but wish to be remembered to them through the magazine) I will try and give you an as interesting account as I can about my doings in Khargpur.

First and foremost there is another old "Eversleighan" here besides me, he is Victor Whitbread and I'm enclosing his address which I think you

may require. Whitbread and myself are employed in the Workshops here as Apprentices for 3 years. He is in the Boiler Dept. and I'm in the Electrical. The end of this year will complete one year of my training and it's remarkable how much one picks up in such a short time. We get a Technical training also twice a week, Maths, and once a week Electricity. At the end of the year the Apprentices have to sit for the B. O. C. exam. (Board of Control) besides the class exam. that means I have got to sit for three exams. viz. class, B.O.C. and Electricity and I'm trying to do a little overtime study. There is a great deal of sport here and I go in for Cricket, Tennis and Hockey. At present Rugger is in full swing and we've got 4 teams; the 1st, 2nd and 3rd XV's and the school XV. It is a record in India for a small place like this to put up 4 separate Rugger teams. There is also the Workshop Football League Tournament going on, the finals are on the 13th between Waggon Shop and Loco. Shed. Last year the Electrical dept. lost in the finals with the Loco. Shed but this year we were eliminated in the early rounds as we were without some of our "star" players. With all the various sports that are played here there is one which I miss very much and that is swimming. Khargpur has one drawback in having no swimming bath; and has no "Marina" like Madras.

I think I've given you all the news of my doings and I hope it has not bored you. Before I close I would like to mention that I met Ozy. Pharoah here about two months ago and had a small 'pow, pow' with him. He had to break his journey here to go to some place near Ranchi side were he is teaching.

Yours sincerely,
ROLAND PARTRIDGE

"Garden Reach", The Mall,
Jubbalpore—C.P.
21—6—1935.

My Dear Mr. Oakley,

Very many thanks for your most welcome letter of about a week or so ago and also for the copy of the "Madras Mail" which you so kindly sent a few days later.

The tour must have been great and I would have loved to have been there and revisited those old spots once again. But I'm afraid if I contract "touritis" I'll just have to sit and reminsce and guess that's all that will have to cure it.

Mally in his letter to me says that the "Eversleighan" will be out some time next month, or so he hopes. That is great news indeed and I must tell him not to forget to book me for a copy. I think the last time it was issued was after our return from Kodai, in 1927.

I have my copy of it now before me while I write and can't help smiling as I read " . . . yet another valiant lad is reported, as a result of his visit to the Hills, to have adopted a special sweeping style of hairdress quite unknown before, and his attendance to such matters, makes one very apprehensive . . . etc., etc." I well remember the joke against me when I returned from Kodai, and adopted what every one called "the Kodai sweep". My word those were the days of youthful fun and frolic and I can well imagine how all our efforts at the convent must have appeared to the elder members of the party.

(I began by looking up the above extract but am afraid from that it led me to the next page, and so on till at last I discovered instead of writing to you I was reading the copy of Gerry's letter from Vancouver. Do you still hear from him now? If you are in correspondence with him I would like you please to give him my sincere regards. I think he'll remember me, as I guess he must all the little cubs who passed through his hands.)

And how the years change, outlooks and environs—it seems as if only yesterday I was hiding away in our little cub den, waiting for the "Pack! Pack! Pack!" from old Gerry and yet it's only true that almost ten long years have passed! What wouldn't I give for those happy eight years which I associate with you and dear old Eversleigh—and who knows sometime I may be able to once again renew those ties personally.

I'm afraid you'll have to forgive these endless reminiscences of mine every time I write—but I can't just help it. The saying goes 'Youth lives in the future—Old age in the past'—but I suppose this cannot rob youth of its memories of the past also.

With kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,
KENNETH VALIANT.

403, Wynne Avenue,
Khargpur, B. N. Ry.
June 16th 1935.

I greatly appreciate your kind thought on behalf of the Eversleigh Scouts in sending me the snapshot which I received yesterday. I can only recognise a few of the familiar faces in the group, not forgetting the good old

bus. I see that my " auld " Patrol Leader is still going strong and also Mally Edmonds for that matter. Please remember me to the Scouts and also to the members of Eversleigh.

There is hardly any news I can give from this out-of-the-way place. I'm still working here as an apprentice ; I will complete my third year's training in September, and will have one year more to do before I become an Improver. I might mention here that I'm getting a prize from the Apprentice Technical School—for regular attendance (congratulations Bug—Ed.).

A swimming bath has also been built at the Officers' Club and as my father is a member he has obtained permission for me to go there. I get up at 5-30 a.m. every other morning (work starts at 6-30 a.m.) and enjoy myself for 1 hour. It reminds me of the C. O. A. swimming bath where the Scouts went every Saturday for a dip.

With all good wishes,

Yours sincerely,
RONALD PARTRIDGE.

S./Sgt. A. WHITEHEAD, I.A.O.C.,
C/o. D.O.S., M.G.O., Branch,
A.H.Q., SIMLA,
Punjab, 27-1-'36.

Hello Everybody,

I've never before tried to write anything but my name on the pay book, so you must excuse me if this isn't exactly a success.

I'm going to give you a brief outline of my life since I left dear old Eversleigh in a memorable year, 1922. Little did I think at the time I should come back to India, still less did I contemplate following my father's footsteps.

The good boat *S.S. Scotian,* after an extremely pleasant voyage, transplanted us in England. I assure you that the novel sights thrilled me. Then imagine my joy at seeing my first snow. I remember slipping out of the compartment and eagerly moulding the stuff into my first snowball. My first impressions are still clear. How like my sister's doll's house the English cottages looked as we flew past them in the train. Arrived at London I had my first experience of those wonderous things, moving staircases. But let me hasten on lest I never get finished.

After a few months visiting my various relations in Kent and Yorkshire I finally came to anchor at a little village up on the Yorkshire moors called Meltham. I must tell you of one amusing experience before proceeding further.

One cold winter's day we had just finished dinner, the midday meal in Yorkshire, so we went and gathered round the fire. I was sat a little distance from the fire rubbing my hands because they were cold. Seeing this one of my cousins said, "Are you starved lad ? " starved thought I, no, of course I wasn't I'd had plenty to eat at dinner. So I replied, " No, I had a very good dinner thank you." Up went a roar of laughter and then it was explained to me that in Yorkshire they used the word " starved " instead of " cold ! "

What struck me most when I settled down to my " home life " at Meltham, was that you did everything yourself. Many an amusing incident occurred before I learnt how to clean my boots without dirtying the carpet, how to wash with a " flannel " so that the whole room wasn't splashed up, how to put my clothes away so that they would last their allotted span of life, and all the other " hows." I must have rightly lived up to the name of Handy Andy !

Next I had a craze to emigrate ; I wanted to go out to New Zealand or Australia. Through Nagel I was even offered employment in that far off land of New Zealand, but I wasn't allowed to go. Now I'm glad I did not go.

Just prior to this I had taken up scouting and real fine times I enjoyed too ! First I took over Troop Leader but that was far too tame. Next I took over P.L., of the worst patrol in the troop ; the Peewits. Our struggle in the three successive competitions was indeed great fun. On the third occasion we finished less than five points behind the Swifts, the leaders. The fourth time it was a different tale and there was great rejoicing in the Peewits nest when we won the coveted trophy. We held on to it for the remaining time I was there.

Then came the adventure of finding work. The first job I went after I had to walk three miles over the moors for an interview. When after a few days I received a notification to start work the following morning, I discovered to my consternation that to be at work by opening hour I would have to wake up about midnight ! Therefore I naturally refused the offer. Next I tried for a job in the Meltham Co-operative Society and, " outsider " though I was, I got it in the face of four other Meltham boys. Here I was called " the lad," or rather that's what the job was styled. It consisted of being at everyone's beck and call and doing umpteen jobs ; from sweeping out the shop at night, to opening one hundredweight barrels of butter. Then after emptying them

out on to a large sized stand I had to carry them on to the counter. In time I was promoted to the "flour shop." This consisted of selling flour, oats, meal, etc. After that I joined the Army.

Two evergreen memories will I ever maintain of my stay in "civic street." My great pleasure at meeting Mr. Oakley and spending a thoroughly enjoyable week with him at Wembley. George Hodson and Jeff White were there also. The snaps given me by Mr. Oakley are always recalling pleasant memories of that great time.

On another occasion, memory number two, I spent a happy day with Dr. Gravely in Leeds. Jove! writing about Dr. Gravely reminds me of an Ooty trip. I believe "Lucy" had a puncture and as there were many hands to lend a hand Dr. Gravely and I wandered off. Wasn't I thrilled to the marrow when he dug up the first beetle! Little do I remember about the beetle but I was impressed by the way he knew that that beetle would be there. I had seen no trace of that beetle, I assure you and the ground around the spot looked like any other bit of ground there. Needless to add that the bottle went into a test tube, but wonder of wonders Handy Andy was entrusted with the tube!

I must stop here or this will miss the Eversleighan. May be at some future date I'll continue my tale and tell you about my Army life. That is if the Editor doesn't decide to sling this into the waste paper basket.

In conclusion I'd like to wish you, both past and present, a happy and prosperous 1936.

Sincerely Yours,

HANDY ANDY.

(Austin Whitehead.)

H.M.I.S. *Hindustan*,

C/o. F.O.C., R.I.N., Bombay.

Karachi, 3rd Sept., 1936.

Dear Mr. Oakley,

At last I have succeeded in carrying out my promise to write the enclosed letter for the Magazine. Of course I would much rather it was just read to the "Sunday Breakfast Table," instead of being submitted to print. In this way those interested would hear of an old Eversleighan, and

at the same time the Magazine would be spared the trouble of displaying an article so poorly written.

I must apologize for any errors you may find and especially for the very bad typing.

After we left Madras, we returned to Ceylon; first to Trincomallee and then to Colombo. In August we returned to Bombay, and after a fortnight there, we came on here to Karachi.

It is very likely that we will pass through Madras again November-December, as we will be spending Christmas in Calcutta.

I send my best wishes to you and the members of Eversleigh.

Yours sincerely,
W. IAN WHITE.

It was a great pleasure for me to be in Madras last July after an absence of about seven years, and especially was it so, to visit Eversleigh and the friends I made during my five years in college. Mr. Oakley was one of the first I met, and I was very glad to see him, especially as he was away the last time I passed through Madras in 1929. It is at his suggestion that I write this letter giving my experiences during the ten years I have been away from Madras. Very few of those who knew me as a student, still remain at Eversleigh, but there may be others who will be interested in this letter, especially, as I believe there are some present Eversleighans who intend joining the profession in which I serve.

In March 1926 I passed from the Madras Medical College into the service of the Indian Medical Department, and in the following June I received my first posting to the British Military Hospital at Bangalore. In this I was considered lucky, as young hands are generally sent to Frontier stations or some such out-of-way places. At Bangalore, besides learning the routine of a Military Hospital, I was also taught to ride a horse; that is I was required to pass a course in equitation, and very nearly passed away too in doing so. I was thrown rather badly one morning off a huge artillery horse, and while on the ground a vision of too huge hoofs appeared whirling past me. The horse had attempted to get his own back on me, but fortunately missed. I was evidently destined to live longer! In spite of this I strongly recommend horse riding. It is great fun and if offered a course do not refuse it.

I was hardly three months in Bangalore before I was transferred to Poona, another military station about 170 miles from Bombay. September

of the same year saw me at the Connaught Military Hospital at Poona, and after a month of hospital work, I was given the medical charge of a troop train taking the Royal West Kent Regiment to Dinapore in the north. During the trip one of the Tommies put his head too far out of the window and struck it against a signal standard, and was killed instantaneously. Considering it was my first independent case, it was rather hard luck that the man did not give me a chance to test my professional skill. However it is a warning to those who ignore the notices seen over railway carriage windows. (" A striking instance " !—Ed.).

On the return trip I was with the Cheshire Regiment and a very similar accident occurred. The wife of a fellow of the regiment fell out through a carriage door. The train stopped and we picked her up, being no worse off than having received a slight shock from which she soon recovered. It was lucky for her that the train was not travelling fast.

January of 1927 saw me on the B. I. ship *Rohna* on my way from Bombay to Shanghai. Civil War in China had been in progress for some time and Northern Army was being driven back onto Shanghai. Now Shanghai is a Treaty Port and has a very large European population, who have vast interests in the city and its surroundings which were in danger of being looted by the retreating Chinese armies. Consequently a force was necessary to keep them out ; and so a brigade was sent from India in which I was lucky to find myself. Before going out we were issued with identification discs and were asked to make out a will, which certainly did not appear too bright, but it was very clear that the authorities expected a scrap, and the last war gave us an idea of what that could mean. However we were still very anxious to see Shanghai, which we reached after a very good voyage, touching at Singapore on our way for a few hours. I believe that we were just in time as the rear guard of the Northern Army were attempting an entrance to the city, and the Punjabi Regiment, who had arrived a few days before from Hongkong, were finding it difficult in keeping them out. The fighting around the city between the opposing armies was severe, but except for some sniping there was hardly a shot fired against our troops. Within the month the war had travelled north, but never-the-less Shanghai was not completely out of the wood. Stray bands of Chinese were still carrying on a type of guerrilla warfare around the city : and so our troops had to stay on for some months before they could return to India.

I was attached to the Field Ambulance, which consisted of about three hundred officers and men and all the paraphernalia which a unit of this type carries : but as we were a field unit and there being no fighting whatsoever, we had hardly any work to do. So the seven months spent in Shanghai were passed in sightseeing and having a good time in general. Besides the 10,000 British troops, various other nations had sent troops to Shanghai. In order

of their strength, there were the Japs, Americans, Portuguese, French, and Italians ready to protect the interests of their nationals. In the Wusung river, on the banks of which Shanghai stands, an enormous fleet, representing almost every nation under the sun (that can boast of a fleet) had assembled. There was even a Norwegian cruiser present. In addition to this the city herself could boast of a defence force, consisting of the European Volunteer Force, and the Russian, Sikh and Chinese police forces, which carried out most of the patrolling of the city. Shanghai is an extremely modern city and offers all the conveniences, pleasures and vices such a city possesses. The people treated us very well and we were entertained very liberally, and I was very sorry when we had to leave for India.

August 1927 saw me in the return voyage to India. We stopped for a day at Hongkong, and I was ashore for a few hours. Hongkong rests on the side of a hill, and at night the many lights of the city make a very pretty sight. I only had time to motor around the bottom of the hill and have tea at the Hongkong-Shanghai Hotel at Repulse Bay.

We landed eventually at Calcutta and boarded a troop train for Poona, which we took four days to reach, a journey which normally takes thirty six hours. This was due to the fact that we possessed no kitchens on the train and so had to stop to allow the men to cook their food. However there was no hurry and so we crawled along until eventually we arrived at Poona.

We spent the next few weeks in demobilising which meant the overhauling of equipment, accounting for losses, etc. After this was over I left for Bombay on a month's holiday.

In December 1927 I returned to duty to the Connaught Military Hospital at Poona once again, but was destined not to stay there long. Just before Christmas I was transferred to the Colaba Hospital at Bombay, where I served for the next year or so.

While at Bombay I did my second equitational course, for which I had to go to Poona. This took fifteen days and I was soon back in Bombay. A few days later I was sent in medical charge of about two hundred Air Force troop to Busrah in Mesopotamia. We sailed on a B. I. boat (whose name I cannot now recall), and touched on the way at various ports on the Persian Gulf. I was very disappointed in Busrah. It was then just a collection of houses and bad ones at that, although it may now be different. The market was rather picturesque with the people in their arab costumes going about their business or loitering about the place. But the market itself was just as dirty and smelly as any in India. However I made a purchase of an Arab costume to serve me at some future date if required for a fancy dress dance.

After a week I returned to Bombay and completed the year working at the Colaba hospital. In January 1929 I was back again in Poona doing a

course in Bacteriology at the Southern Command Laboratory. The course lasted six months after which I was attached to the staff of the laboratory for another three months. I was then transferred to the laboratory at Maymyo in North Burma.

October 1929 saw me at Maymyo, one of the prettiest places I have ever seen. It is situated on the hills above Mandalay not far from the borders of the Shan States. It has a wonderful climate and not too much rain, like the rest of Burma. The Government use it as their summer station, so it has quite enough life to make it interesting. The town gets its name after General May, Myo is a Burmese word meaning 'town.' The Burmese are very interesting people. They live on higher scale than the Indian and seem to be cleaner in their habits of living. They are, however, not very hard working, or rather the men are not. The women do most of the manual labor. Much of the dock labor is imported from India. Both the men and women dress very attractively in rather many but delicate colours. They are Buddhists and their golden topped pagodas may be seen dotted all over the country. The most renowned of them is the Swhew Dagong which stands in Rangoon, and is supposed to cover some relics of Buddha. It makes a very pretty sight and is well worth a visit.

I was two years at Maymyo and only left because of a course of studies I intended doing at Calcutta. In October 1931 I was at the Calcutta School of Tropical Medicine studying for a diploma. It was at that time that the financial depression was being felt all over the Empire, was at its worst in India ; and the number of unemployed in Calcutta was enormous. Very rarely does one see a European beggar on the street, but in Calcutta at that time it was fairly common. The 'terrorist' movement happened to be at its height as well, and although to some it spelt danger, to many of the unemployed it was a real God-send. Some of them succeeded in obtaining jobs as body-guards to officials whose lives were in danger. These men were given a pay of one rupee a day plus their meals during working hours. They were armed and were required to examine every body and everything before being passed on to their charges. In spite of these precautions, I dare say you heard of the number of murders that occurred in and around Calcutta at the time.

After spending six months at Calcutta, I went on a couple of months leave to Bombay. And when that was over instead of going back to Calcutta, I managed to get myself transferred to Poona, which is nearer home. By this time I was beginning to consider Poona as my Headquarter station. I arrived there in July 1932 and stayed almost three years, which by the way has been my longest stay in a station in India. Poona is one of those stations which revels in military camps and manoeuvres, and every year for three years I was there, I at least did a month at either one or the other of these exercises. They are usually held during the winter months, almost every

unit in the station going out to camp. At first it is quite a novelty from the routine of hospital life, but after a month or so it begins to get boring and one longs to return to civilisation. I have done as long as fifty days at camp which by the way terminated in an eleven days march from Sholapore to Poona. I might add that I was glad when it was over.

In March 1935 I took over my present appointment as M.O., H.M.I.S. *Hindustan*, a sloop of the Royal Indian Navy. It might surprise you hear how we of the army are posted to the Navy? The reason for this is that the Indian Navy have as yet no medical service, so we are given on loan for three years at a time. The popular belief that life at sea is free and easy is a myth. It can hardly be so, when one is cooped up in a ship of thousand three hundred tons; as in the case of the one I am on, for days at a time. However we do see places in the navy which we possibly would never have seen otherwise. During my short service of eighteen months, I have seen almost all the important ports along the coasts of India and Ceylon and many of the islands around. During our next cruise, I believe we will visit Burma and possibly Penang; and next March, very probably one of the ships will be in England for the Coronation.

At the beginning of this year while the ship was in dock, I was detailed to accompany the R.I.N. Recruiting Party in a medical capacity, to the Punjab. You may wonder why the navy recruit her men from districts over a thousand miles away from the sea? In the old days of the Indian Marine the men were recruited from the fisher classes of the west coast of India, people who are not considered among the militant classes. Now that the navy is a fighting unit, we go north for the fighting stock, and so we recruit the Punjabi and the Pathan. Of course the west coast men are still recruited, but in a lower percentage: and it has been found that the northerners, some of whom have never seen the sea before, make very good sailors indeed. It was for the purpose of recruiting such men that we went north, and visited places around Rawalpindi, Attock, Hazara and Jhelum. Some of the places were very interesting indeed. At one time we were at the Himalayan foot hills at Shinkiari with the pine and snow. At other times we were at places like Kalla Kahar with its fruit trees and beautiful flower gardens. On my return journey I stopped at Agra to see the Taj Mahal and the other sights. I had never seen the Taj before and I found it even more wonderful than I thought it to be. It well deserves its place among the wonders of the world.

This brings to a conclusion the story of my wanderings during the last ten years: and I have enjoyed every day of them although the life has been rather a nomadic one. I have certainly seen a lot of Indian and a bit of the outside world. The slogan of "join the army and see the world" seems to be very true.